

BATMAN
No. 24

BACK THE 5TH WAR LOAN!



BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:
BATMAN AND ROBIN
LEAD OFF WITH A
TRULY UNUSUAL
ADVENTURE-IN-TIME...
**"IT HAPPENED
IN ROME!"**

**AUG.
SEPT.
TEN CENTS**



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

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OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB
KANE

IF SOME MAGIC WAND COULD WAFT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN BACK ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF YEARS TO A DISTANT PAST, WHAT THRILLING ADVENTURES WOULD CONFRONT THE STREAMLINED CRIME-SMASHERS OF THE 20th CENTURY?

WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER! A PULSE-POUNDING STORY OF ANCIENT ROME---THAT SPLENDID, SEETHING CITY WHERE GLADIATORS FOUGHT ON CRIMSON SANDS AND CHARIOTS CHURNED AT BREAK-NECK SPEED! INTO THIS GLAMOROUS, HISTORICAL ATMOSPHERE PLUNGES THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR IN THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING ADVENTURE---

"IT HAPPENED
IN ROME"



ALONG A STRANGE, NARROW STREET, ONE DAY, STROLLS BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY...

SO THIS
IS ANCIENT
ROME!

WHAT IS THIS? BRUCE WAYNE IN ANCIENT ROME?
YES--- READ ON!

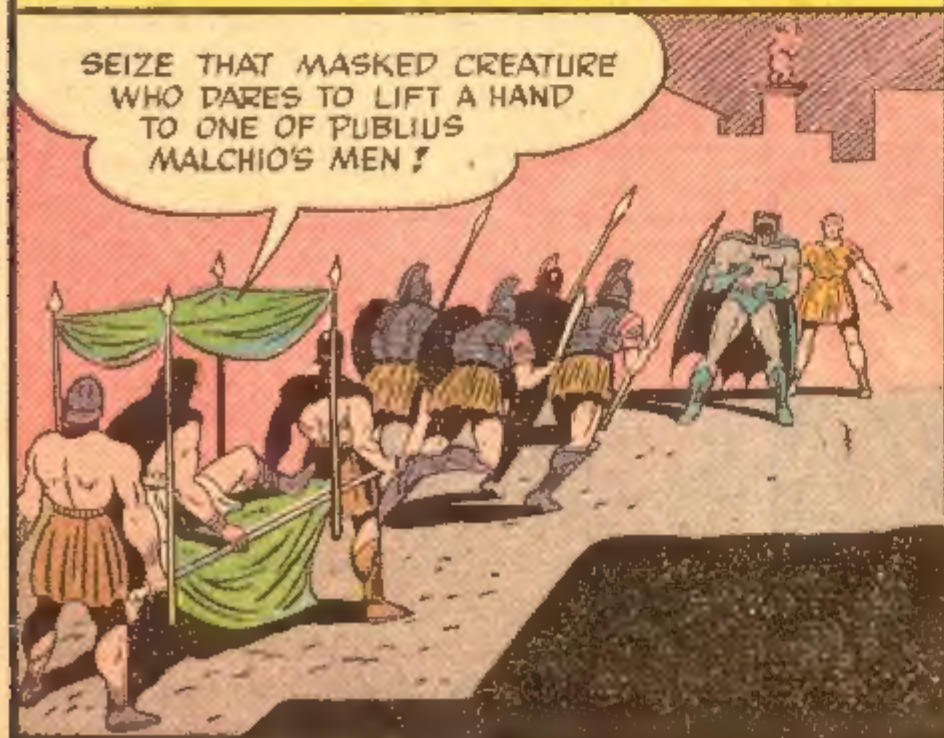
A SUDDEN COMMOTION NEARBY ATTRACTS BRUCE'S ATTENTION...



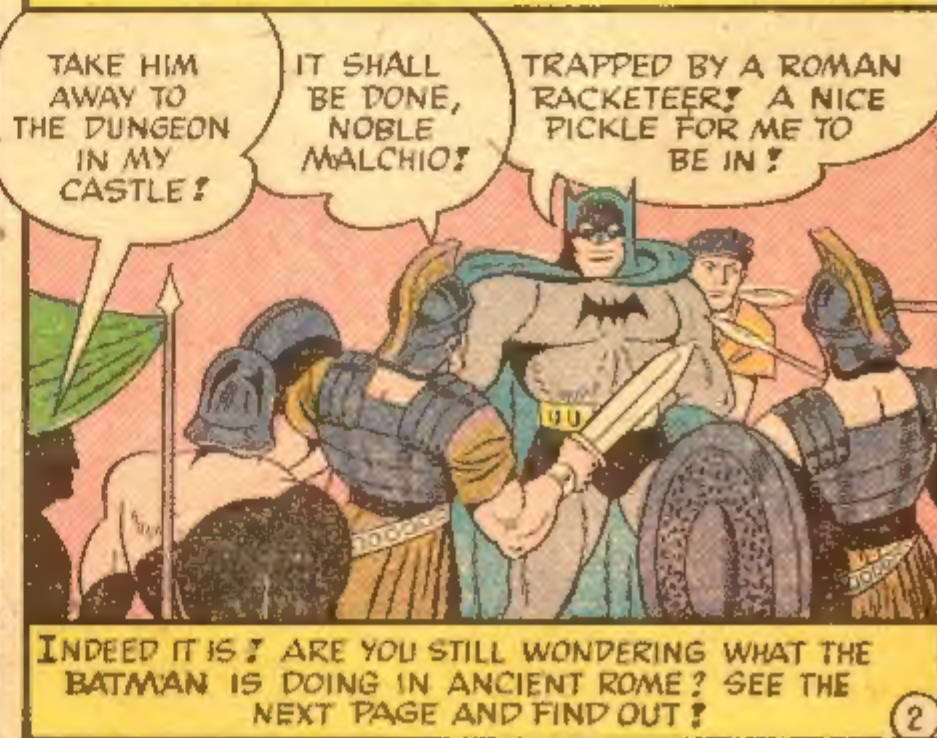
A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION... AND THE BATMAN, CRIME-CRUSHER FROM 1942, CHARGES INTO THE THICK OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN FIGHT...



ABRUPTLY, A BAND OF GUARDSMEN BEARS DOWN UPON THE TWO...



AGAINST THAT SINISTER CIRCLE OF STEEL, EVEN THE BATMAN IS HELPLESS TO ACT!



NOW BACK TO 1942 - TO THE HOME OF THE FAMED SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR CARTER NICHOLS, WHERE A HYPNOTIZED BRUCE WAYNE SPRAWLS LIMPLY IN A CHAIR!

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, PROFESSOR, THAT HE'S NOW IN ANCIENT ROME, WHERE YOU PROJECTED HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT! IF MY HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENT WORKED, BRUCE IS NOW SEEING THE SIGHTS OF A BYGONE ERA!

I'VE GOT A FUNNY HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG--- BRUCE IS IN A JAM!

PROFESSOR, HOW ABOUT HYPNOTIZING ME AND SENDING ME TO THE SAME PLACE?

WHY, CERTAINLY! I CAN'T GUARANTEE MY EXPERIMENT WILL WORK, YOU KNOW! BUT WE'LL TRY!

FOR SO STRONG IS THE BOND BETWEEN BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THAT A TELEPATHIC WARNING BELL RINGS A SHRILL ALARM ACROSS THE CENTURIES!

PRESENTLY...

... BACK... BACK... TO ANCIENT ROME... BACK!

DICK'S SENSES SWIM, HIS MIND WHIRLS AS THOUGH IN A HUGE VACUUM, AND...

GOSH, IT WORKED! HERE I AM!

LOOK, OFFICER! A STRANGE YOUTH, PROBABLY FROM SOME FARAWAY PROVINCE!

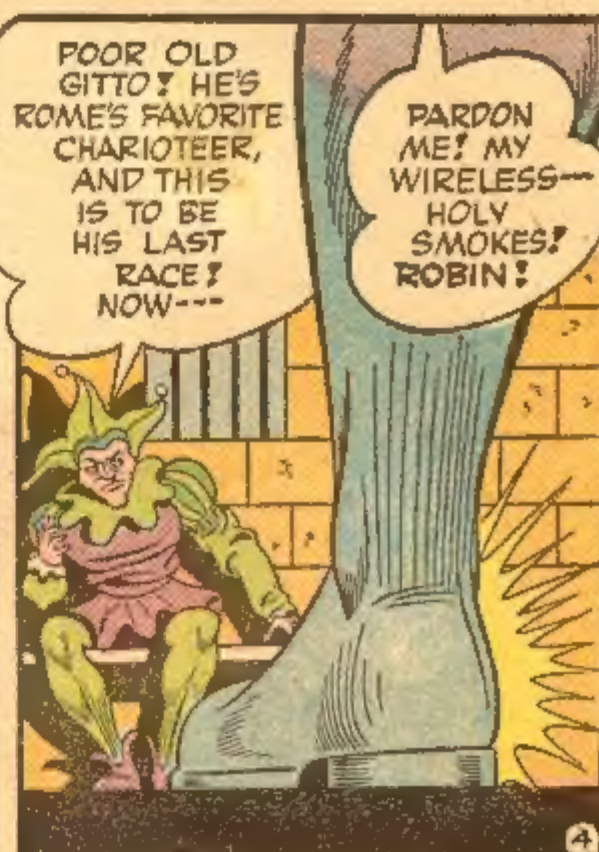
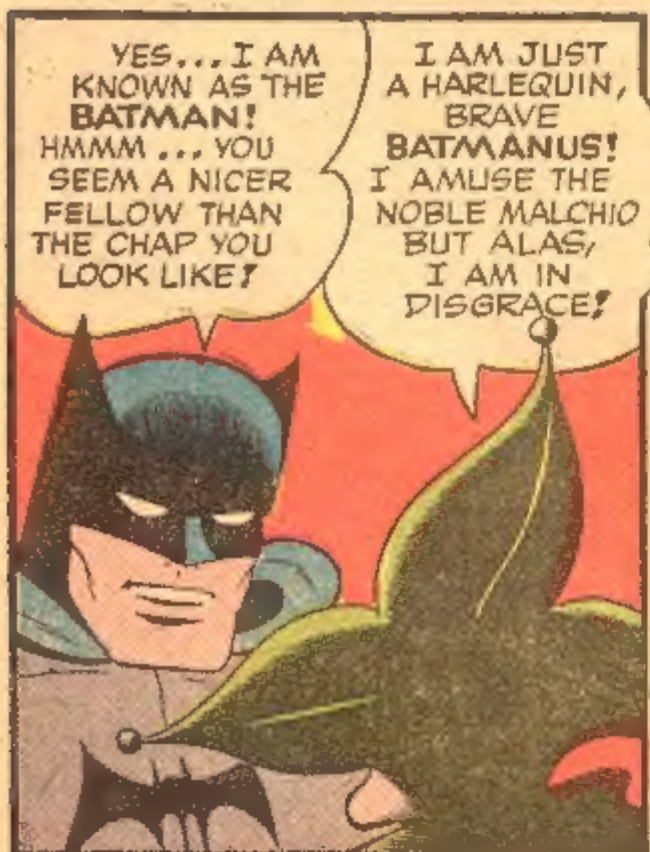
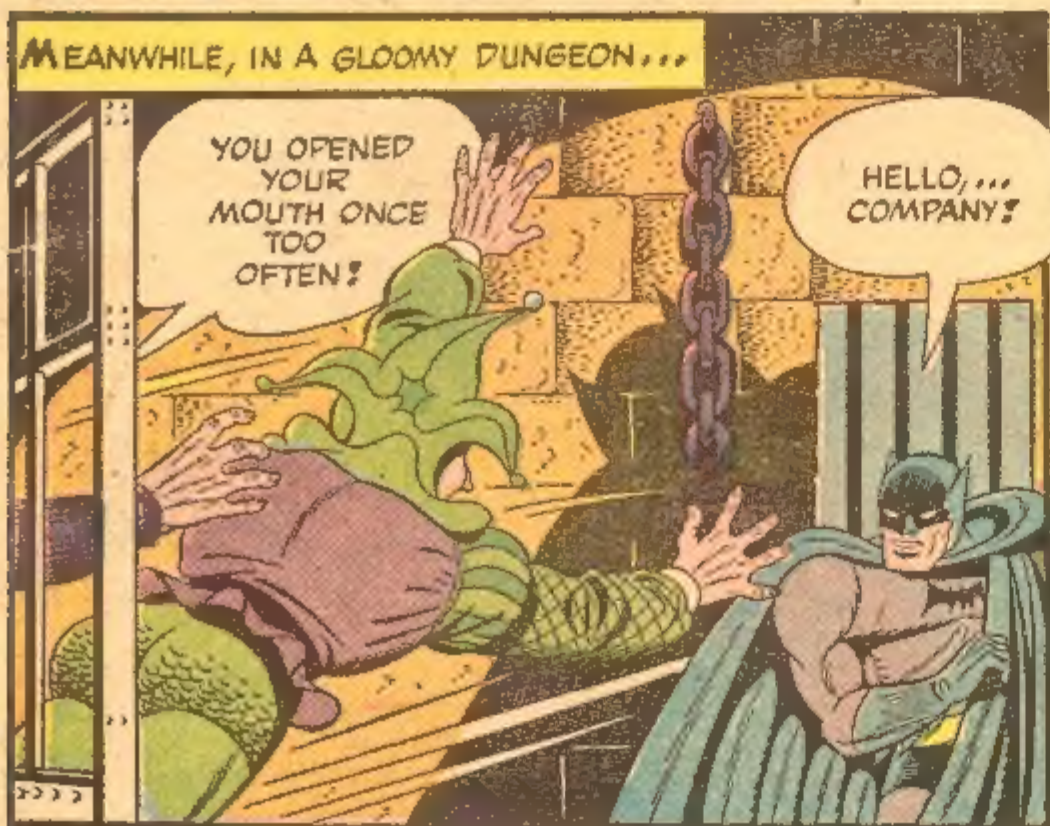
WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM, LAD? ARE YOU A SLAVE?

HUH? WELL, IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT I'M FROM AMERICA!

A-MER-I-KA? THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE! YOU MUST BE A RUNAWAY SLAVE!

I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

SO HERE'S A TRICK I LEARNED AROUND MY BLOCK!



MODERN SCIENCE CONNECTS THE DYNAMIC DUO IN AN ANCIENT SETTING!



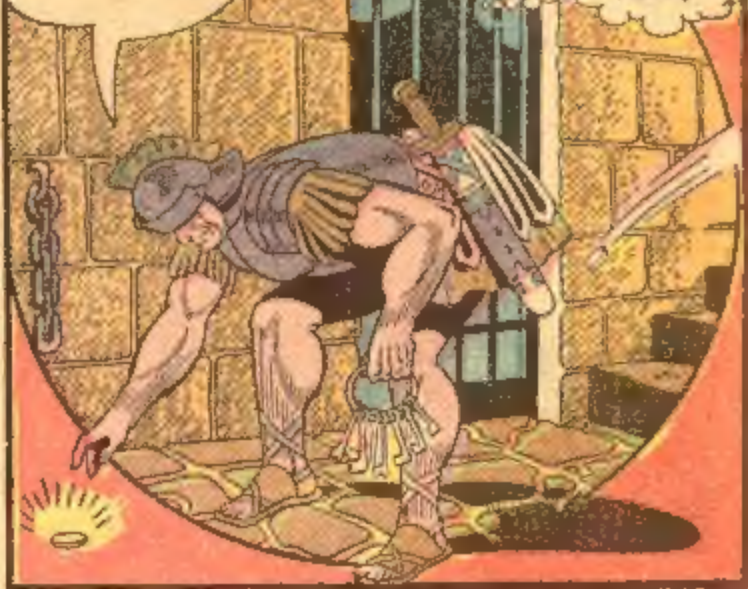
DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, JESTER! THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE BIRD WHO'S GOING TO RESCUE US! ROBIN!



BUT A SHORT WHILE AFTERWARD...

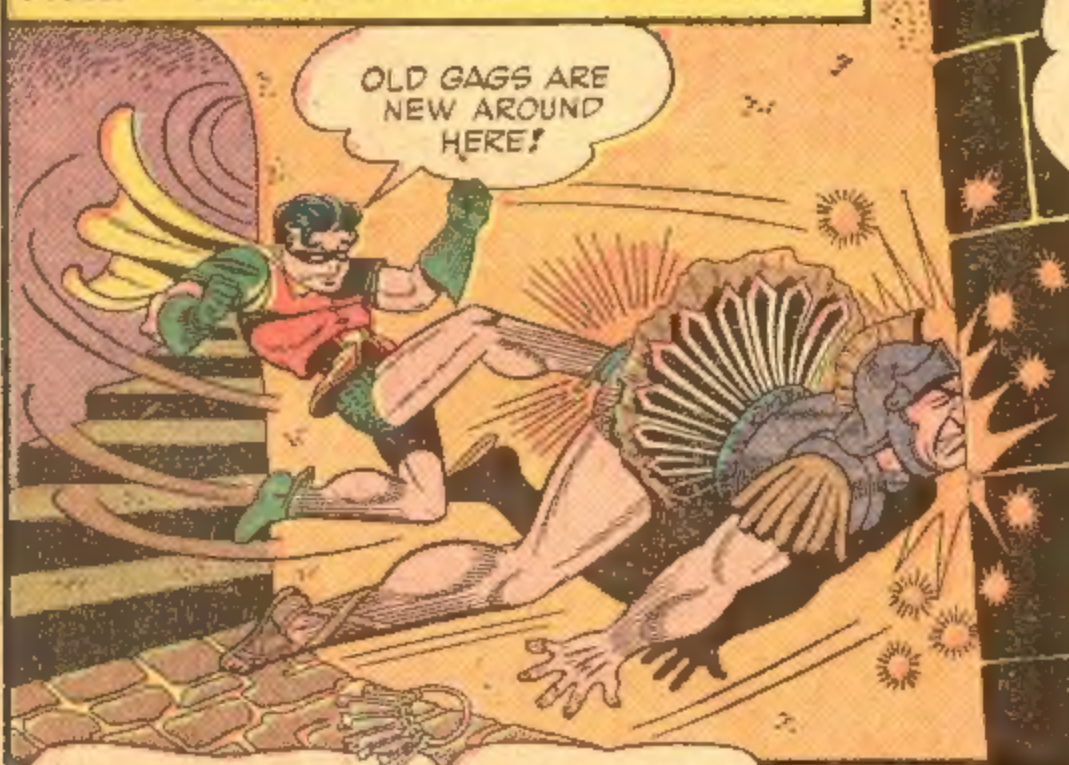
GREAT JUPITER! SESTERCES FROM HEAVEN!

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'LL BE SEEING STARS SOON, TOO!



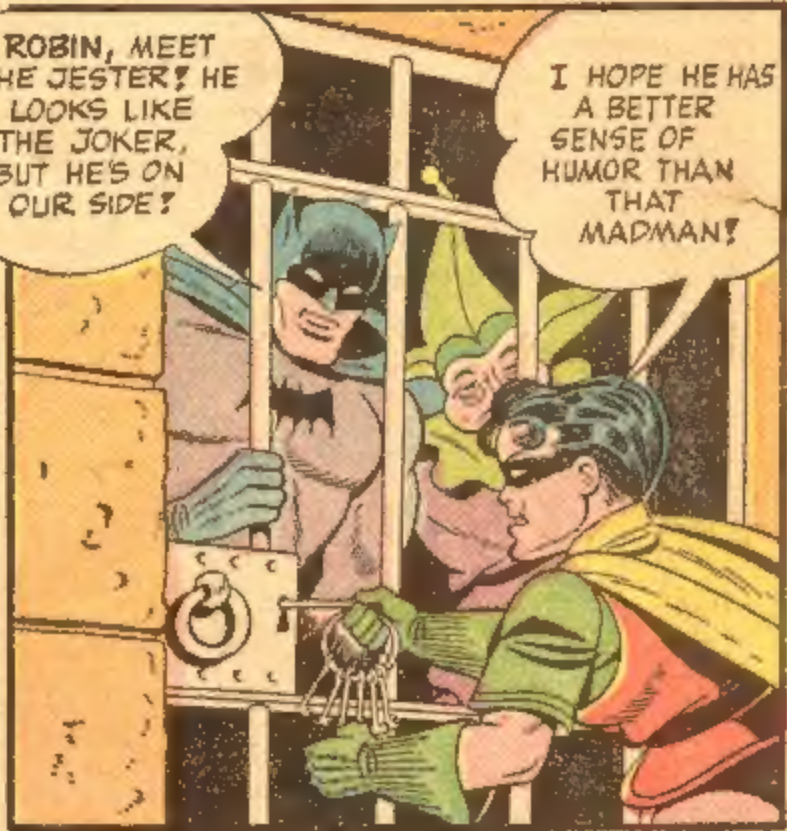
A BOLT ... OF LIGHTING STRIKES FROM THE REAR ...

OLD GAGS ARE NEW AROUND HERE!



ROBIN, MEET THE JESTER! HE LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER, BUT HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

I HOPE HE HAS A BETTER SENSE OF HUMOR THAN THAT MADMAN!



ALAS, MY MIRTH IS GONE! MY FRIEND, GITO, IS IN TROUBLE! MALCHIO AND HIS MEN HAVE GONE TO PUNISH HIM BECAUSE HE REFUSES TO THROW THE RACE!

NOW THAT WE'RE FREE, WE'LL HELP YOU, JESTER! LEAD US TO HIM!



HO, HO! THAT'LL TEACH HIM!

THE ROMAN CLOWN GUIDES THEM THRU THE WINDING, ANCIENT STREET. PRESENTLY...

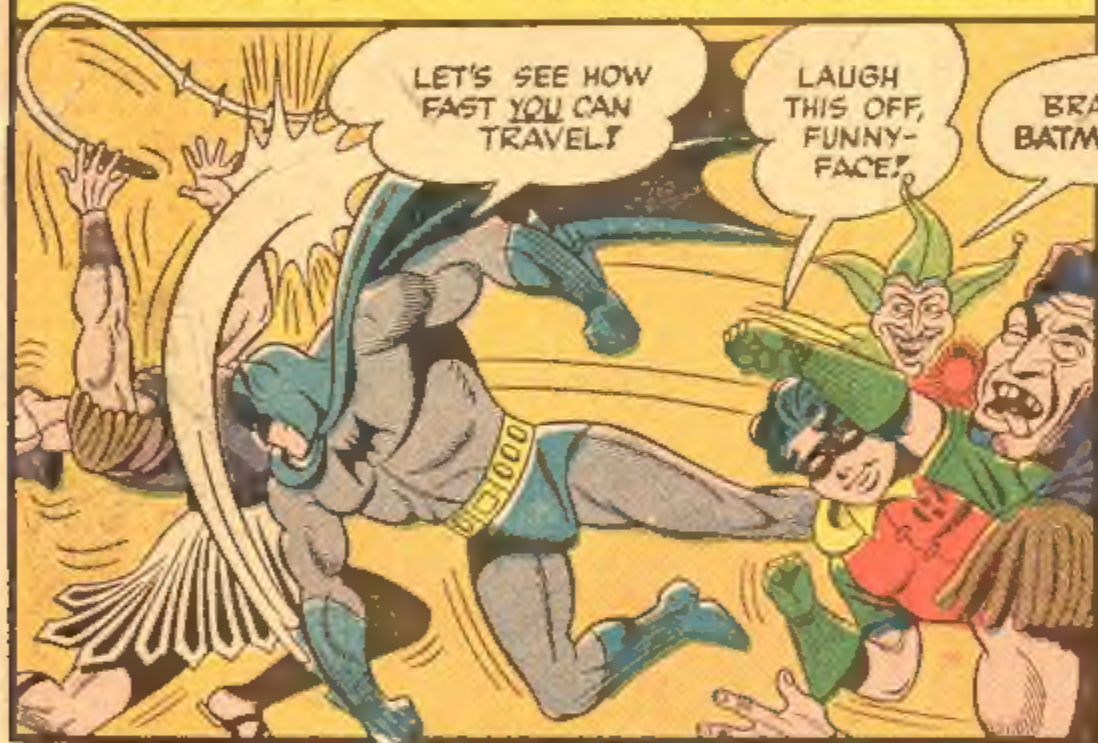
THIS IS THE PLACE! GITO DWELLS AT THIS INN!

SOUNDS AS IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT!





THE DYNAMIC DUO EXPLODES INTO ACTION WITH THUNDERING FISTS...



BUT THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES
SPOT THE DANGER, AND...

WHY,
THE
DIRTY
SNAKE!

I'M PULLING
HIS FANGS
AWAY,
ROBIN!

YOU FOOLS!
MUST I
SUBDUE
THESE
CREATURES
MYSELF?

HA, HA! YOU'RE
A BETTER JESTER
THAN I AM,
OH, NOBLE
MALCHIO!

HERE LIES THE END OF
IDLE BOAST! ALAS, OF
TRUTH, 'T WAS BUT A
GHOST!

MEANWHILE, A TASTE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PUNISHMENT
PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE TERRIFIED ANCIENT ROMANS...

THESE ARE
NOT MEN,
BUT DEMONS!
FLEE FOR YOUR
LIVES!

I'M GLAD
YOU KNOW
WHEN
YOU'RE
WHIPPED!

HERE, YOU
NEED THESE
SHIELDS
MORE
THAN WE
DO!

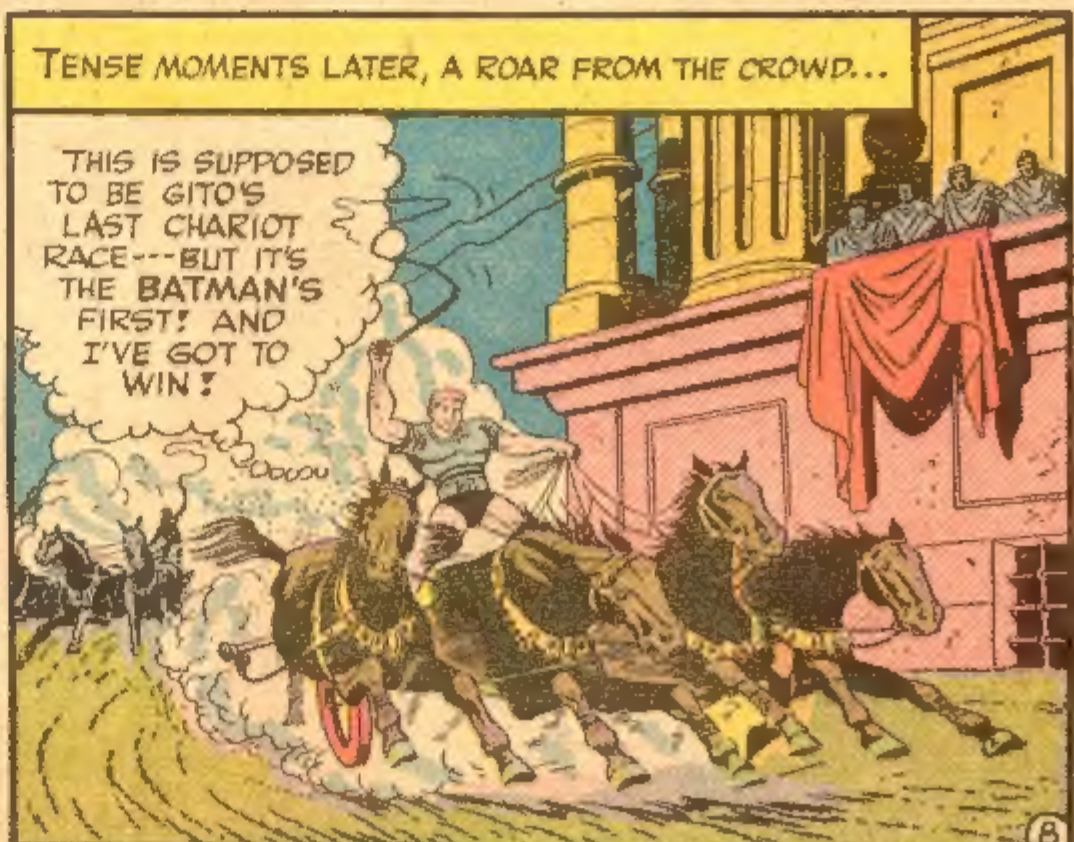
AND
DON'T
FORGET
YOUR
NOBLE
BOSS!

GENTLY, THEN, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR MINISTERS AID TO
THE FALLEN GITO...

MY LAST RACE...
I MUST BE IN IT...
SO MANY PEOPLE
HAVE WAGERED
THEIR MEAGER
EARNINGS ON ME!

BUT YOU CAN'T RACE
TOMORROW, GITO!
YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION!
MALCHIO HAS
SEEN TO
THAT!

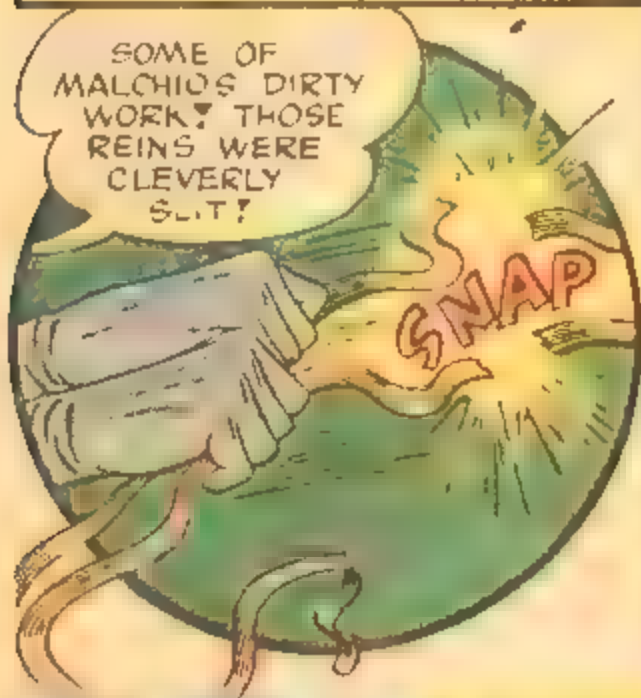
NO, NO! THE
PEOPLE WILL
THINK THAT I,
GITO, TOOK
A BRIBE,
TO STAY AWAY!
AND IT'S MY
LAST RACE,
TOO!





BUT AS THE FLYING STEEDS WHIRL AROUND THE FIRST TURN, PERIL THREATENS THE DISGUISED BATMAN!

SOME OF MALCHIO'S DIRTY WORK? THOSE REINS WERE CLEVERLY SLIT!



THAT'LL FIX H.M.!

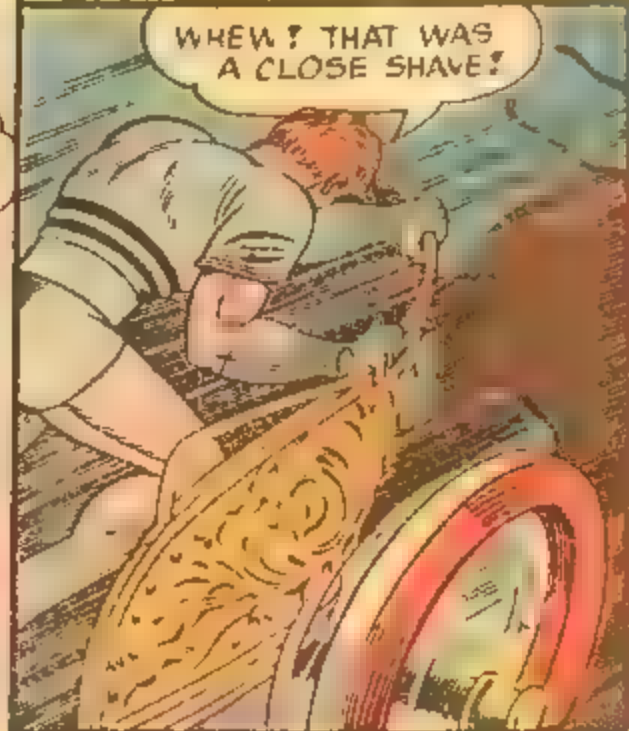
OH H-H? GITO IS FALLING!

HIS HORSES ARE OUT OF CONTROL! HE'LL BE KILLED!



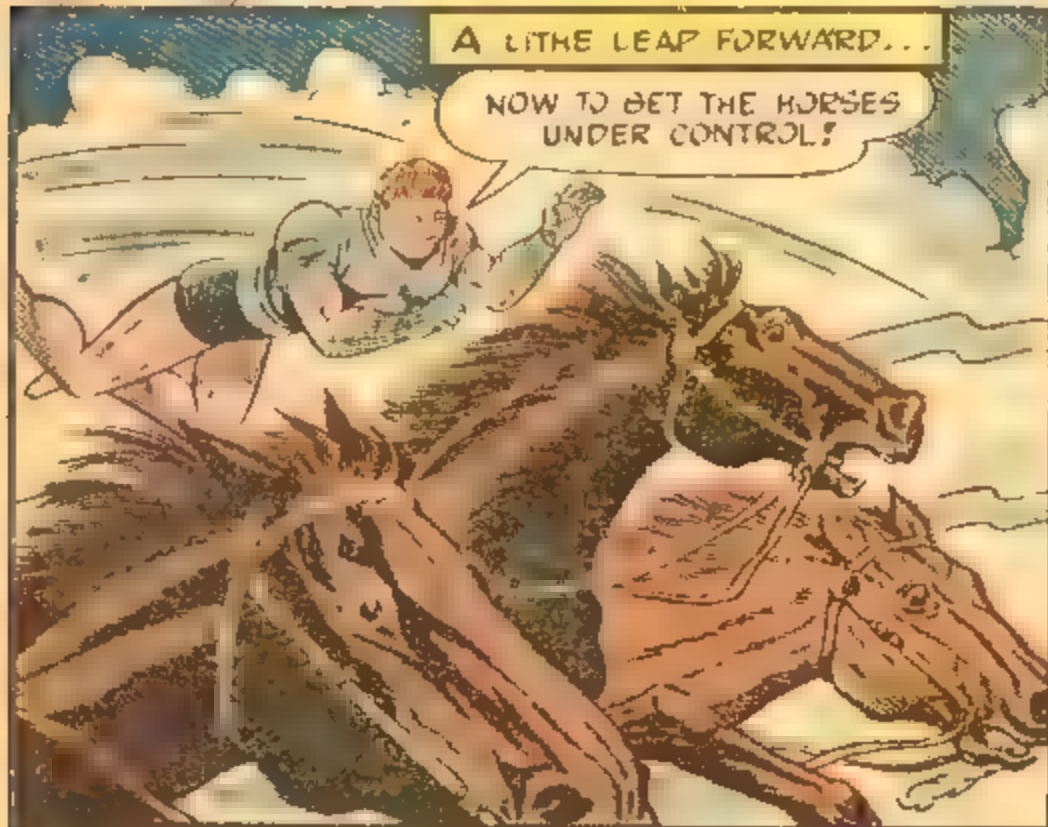
TRAINED MUSCLES STRAIN FOR BALANCE, AND STEEL-STRONG FINGERS CLUTCH FOR SUPPORT...

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



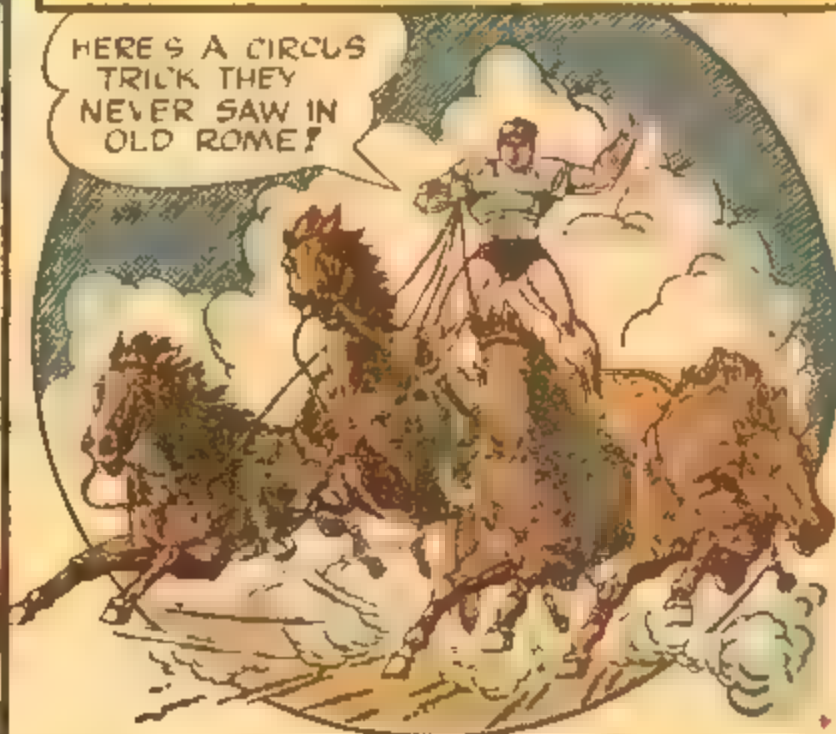
A LITTLE LEAP FORWARD...

NOW TO GET THE HORSES UNDER CONTROL!



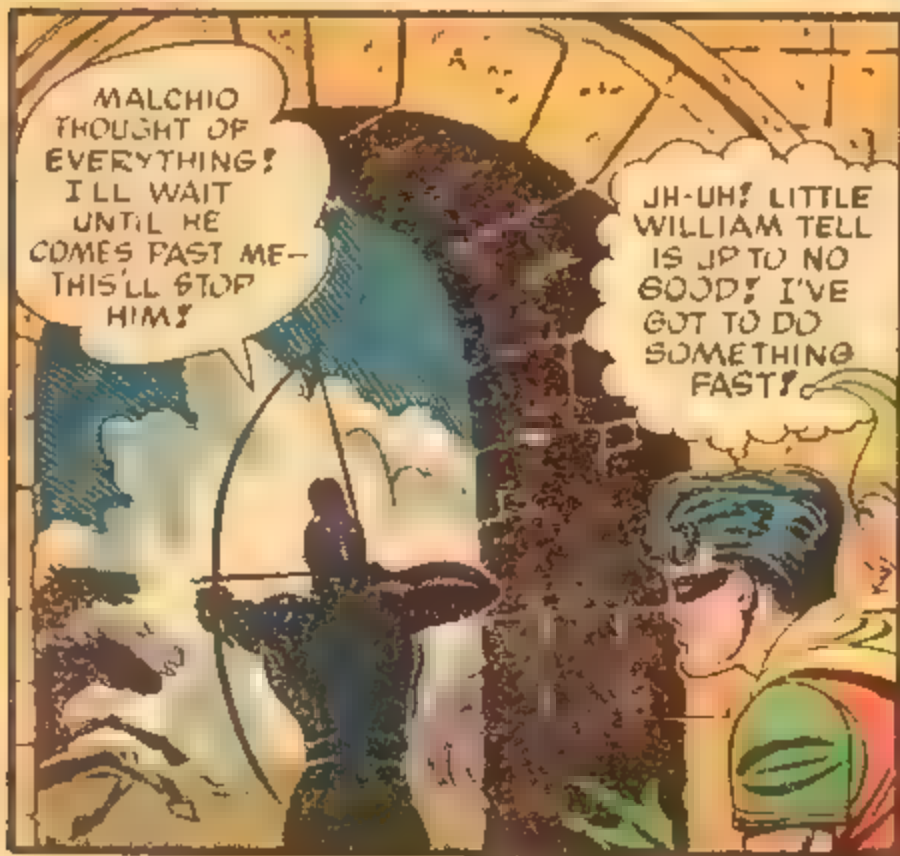
...AND THE BATMAN IS IN THE RACE AGAIN!

HERE'S A CIRCUS TRICK THEY NEVER SAW IN OLD ROME!



MALCHIO THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE COMES PAST ME—THIS'LL STOP HIM!

JH-UH! LITTLE WILLIAM TELL IS UP TO NO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST!

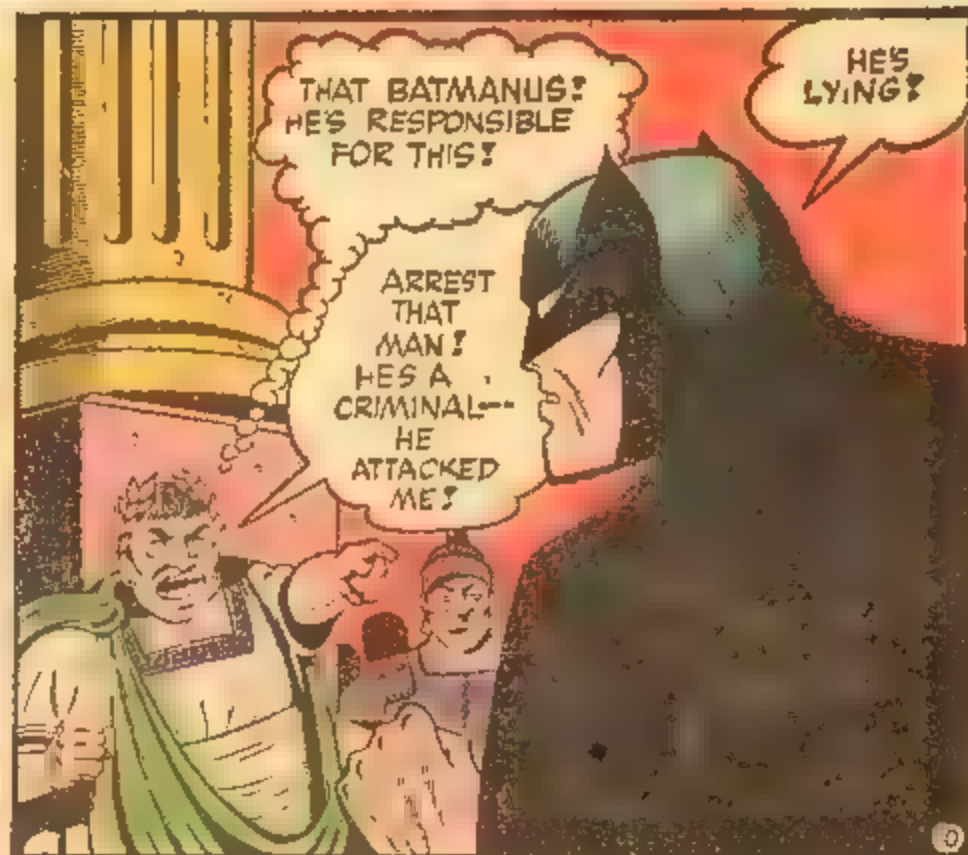
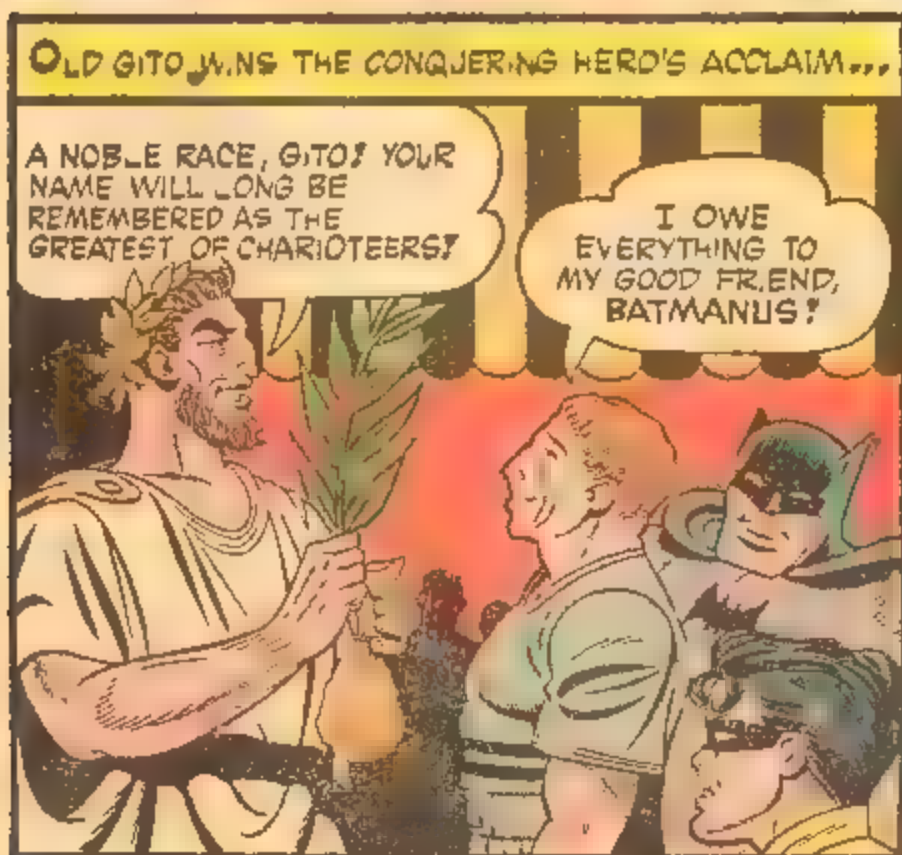
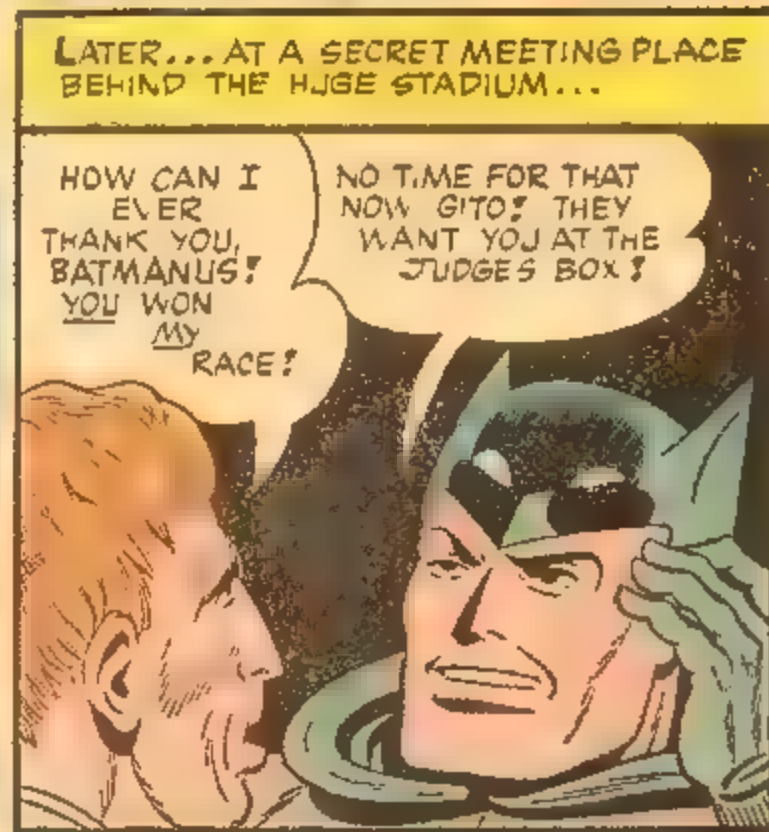
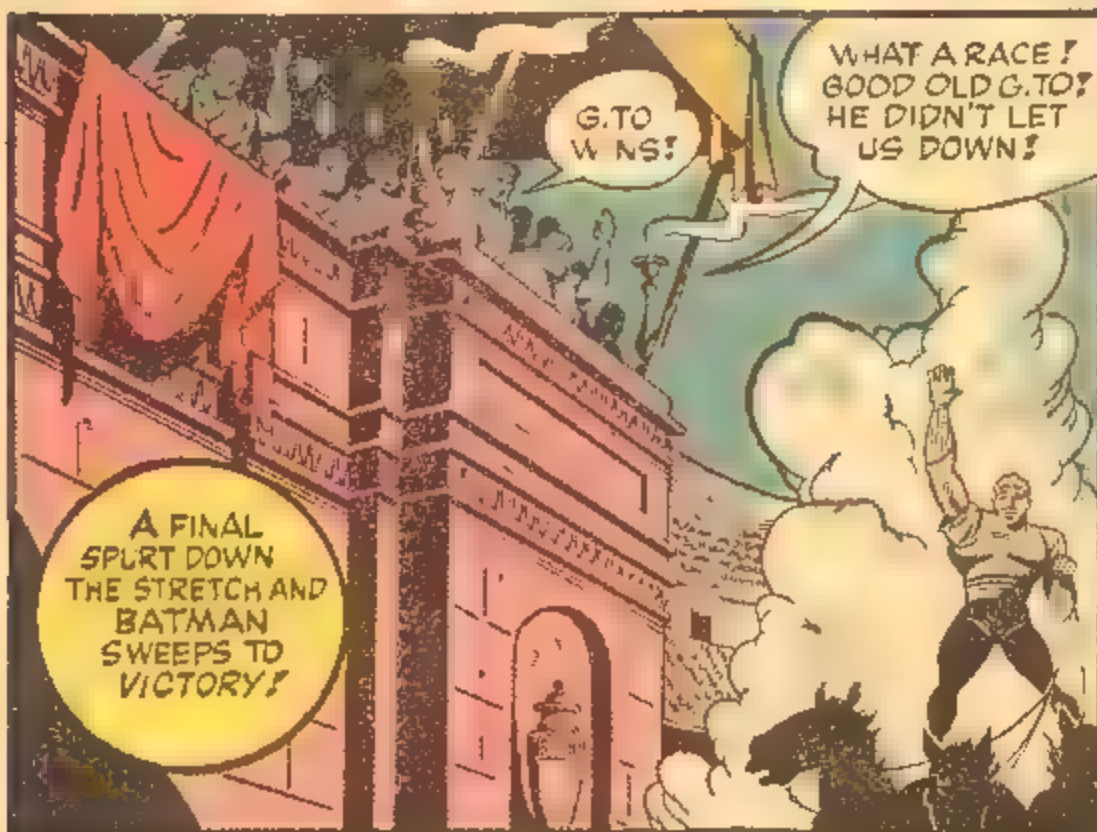
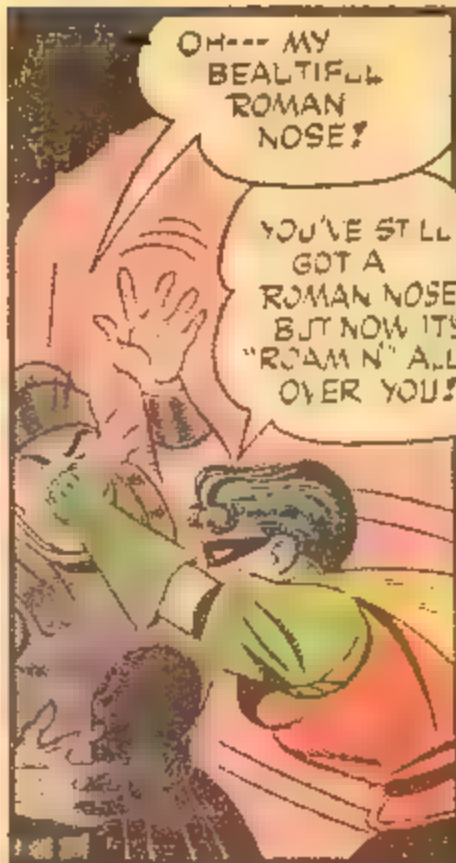
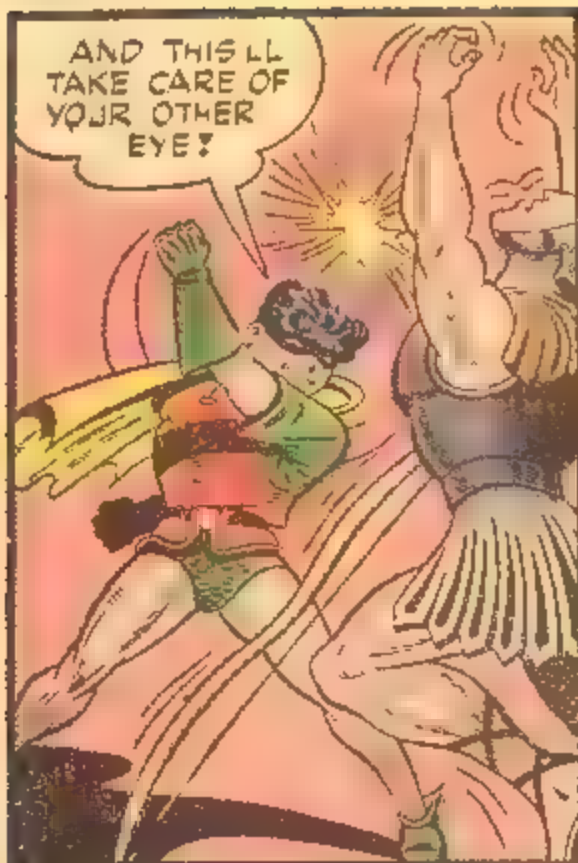


BOY WONDER ACTS WITH THE SLING!

MY SLING SHOT IS A HANDY WEAPON IN ANY CENTURY!

E-E-E-H! MY EYE!





CRAFTY MALCHIO'S FALSE CHARGE BRINGS THE LAW DOWN ON BATMAN...

AS HIGH JUDGE I PROCLAIM THAT BATMANUS MAY HAVE HIS FREEDOM--- IF HE CAN PROVE HIS INNOCENCE IN TRIAL BY COMBAT! LET HIM FIGHT ON THE MORROW WITH MIGHTY CALVUS!

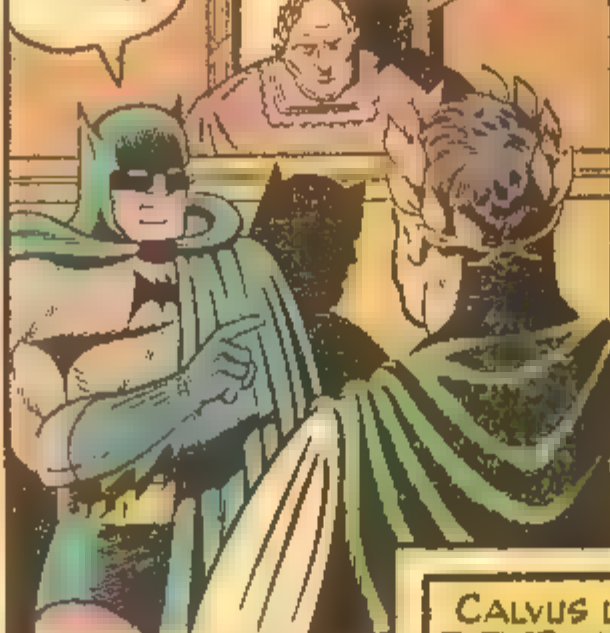


CALVUS--- ROMES MIGHTIEST GLADIATOR! WHAT CHANCE WOULD EVEN THE BATMAN HAVE AGAINST HIM?

BUT THE DAUNTLESS CRIME-FIGHTER ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE!

AGREED! BUT MALCHIO MUST GO INTO EXILE-- IF I WIN!

A JUST BARGAIN! SO BE IT!



THE NEXT DAY... NEWS OF THE SENSATIONAL CONTEST PACKS THE COLOSSEUM!

RICKETUS RICKETUS, RAXUS, BATMANUS'LL GIVE HIM THE AX-US! AND MALCHIO'LL START MAKING TRACKS-US!

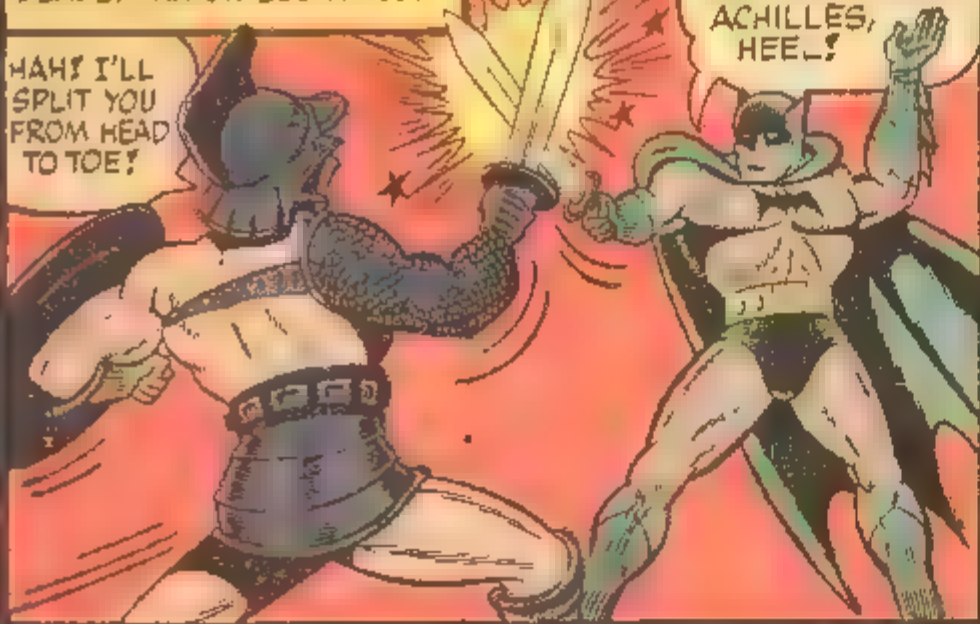
HOORAY

I HOPE THE CHEER I TAUGHT THEM COMES TRUE! BUT IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I'D BETTER HOLD ONTO THIS PACKAGE!



SWORDS CROSS... AND THE DEADLY MATCH BEGINS...

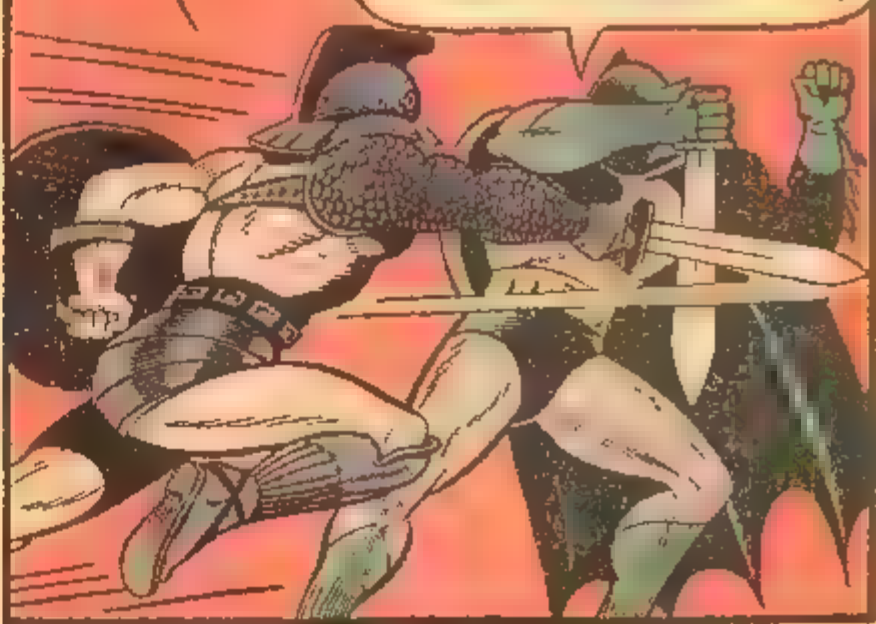
HAH! I'LL SPLIT YOU FROM HEAD TO TOE!



DON'T WORRY--- I'LL FIND YOUR ACHILLES, HEE!

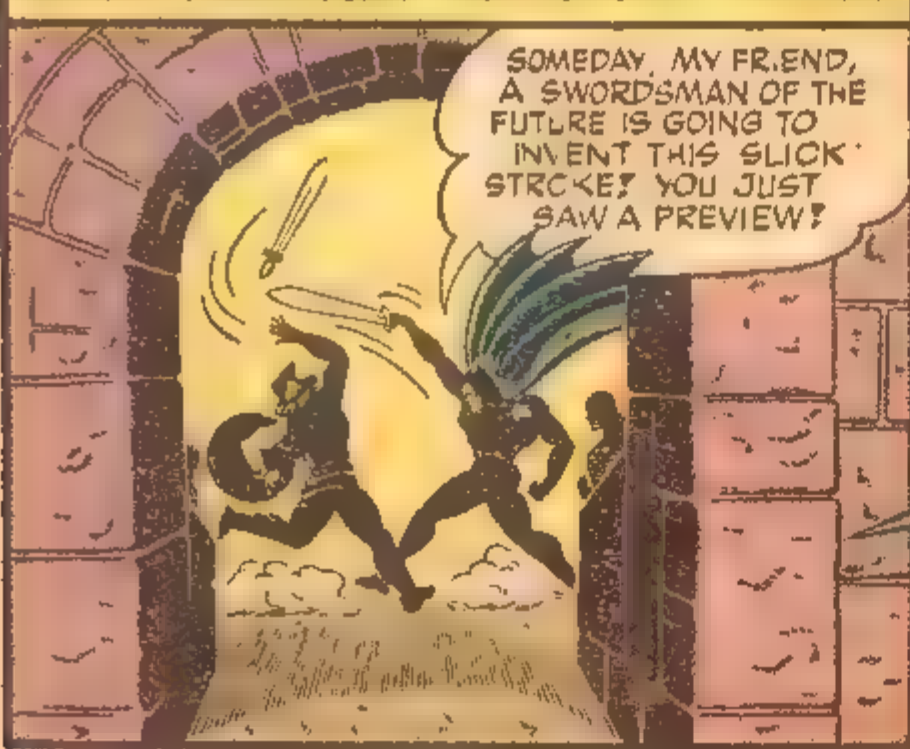
CALVUS LUNGES FORWARD IN A MURDEROUS THRUST---WHICH THE BATMAN NIMBLY PARRIES...

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCES NOW IT'S MY TURN!

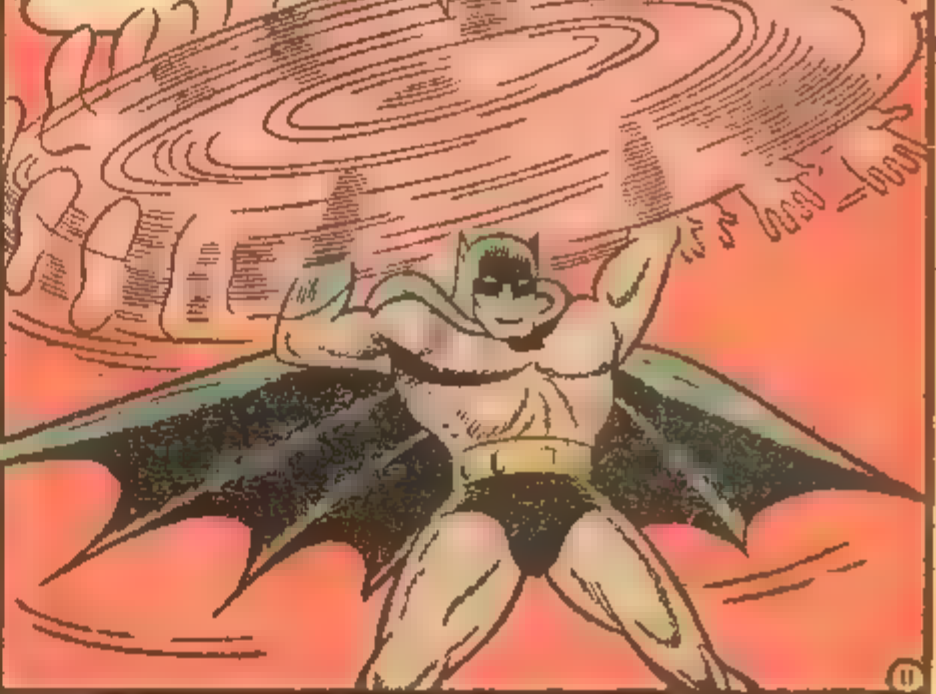


A LIGHTNING FLIP OF A COILED-SPRING WRIST AND THE BATMAN--- MASTER DUELIST--- DARTS HIS GIANT OPPONENT...

SOMEDAY, MY FRIEND, A SWORDSMAN OF THE FUTURE IS GOING TO INVENT THIS SLICK STRIKE! YOU JUST SAW A PREVIEW!



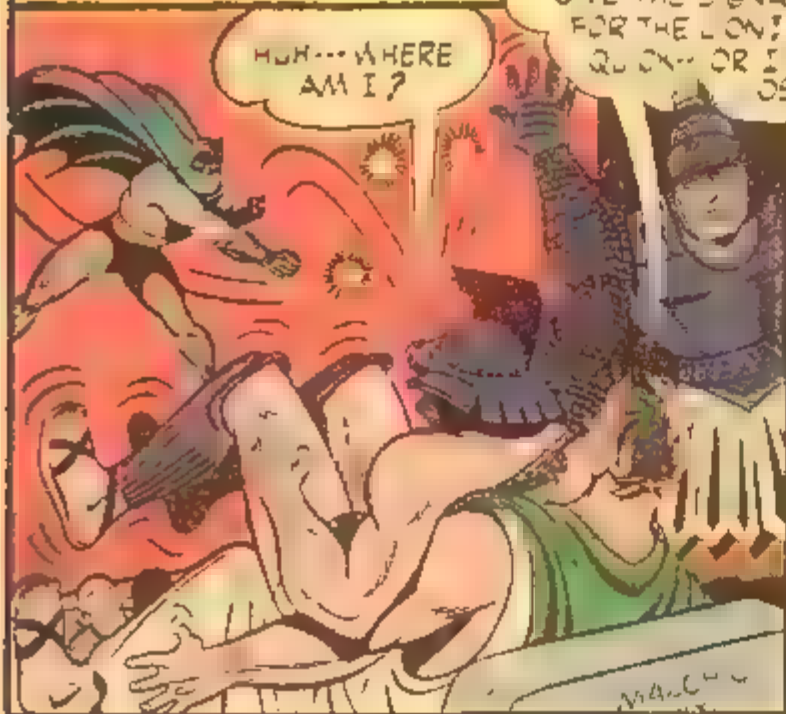
AND IN THE 20TH CENTURY THIS WILL BE KNOWN AS AN AIRPLANE SPIN!



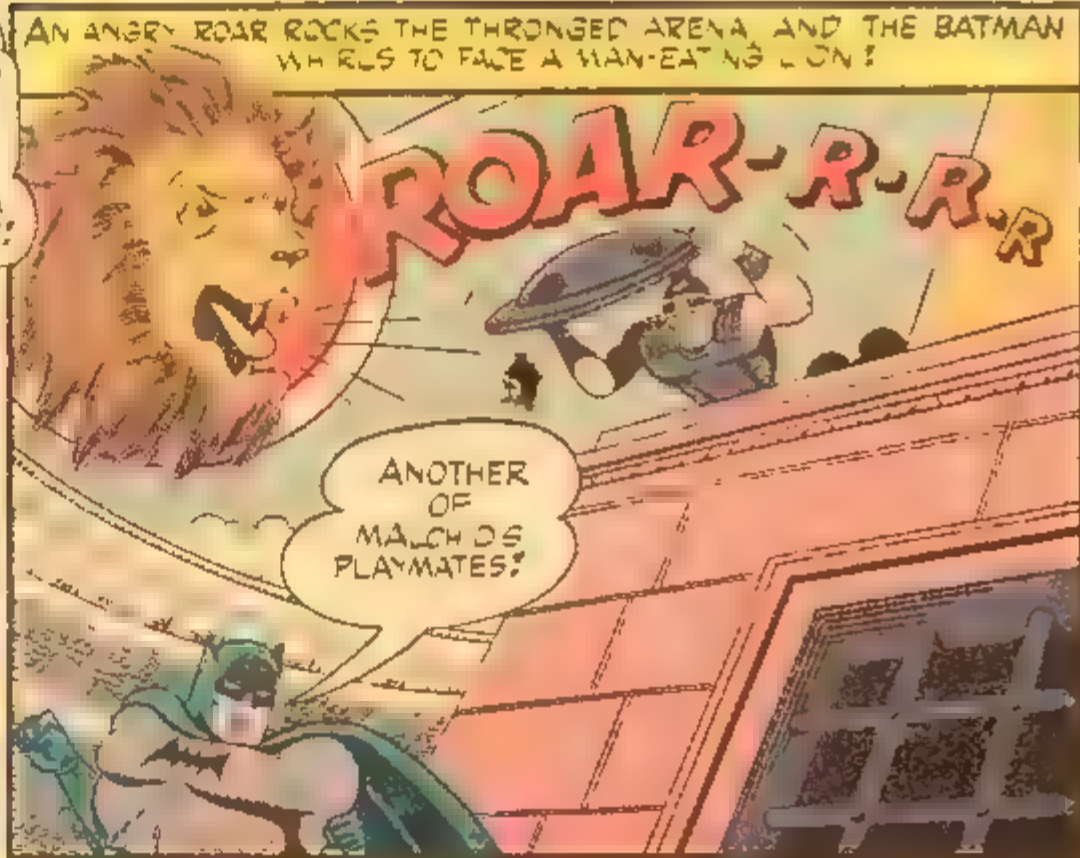
A MIGHTY HEAVE AND CALLUS
FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH
THE GREATEST OF EASE...

OUT--AS
BATMANUS WOULD
SAY...TANTUS
GIVE THE SIGNAL
FOR THE LON!
QUON--OR I'M
OST!

AN ANGRY ROAR ROCKS THE THROGGED ARENA AND THE BATMAN
WHELS TO FACE A MAN-EATING LON!



HUH...WHERE
AM I?



ANOTHER
OF
MALCHOS
PLAYMATES?

SLUDENLY... A COWARDLY
BLOW FROM ABOVE...

BUT A SMALL CLOAKED
FIGURE FLASHES DOWN
LIKE A METEOR FROM
THE SKY...

FEVERISHLY, ROBIN CLAWS OPEN HIS PACKAGE,
STRIKES A MATCH FROM HIS UTILITY BELT,
AND...

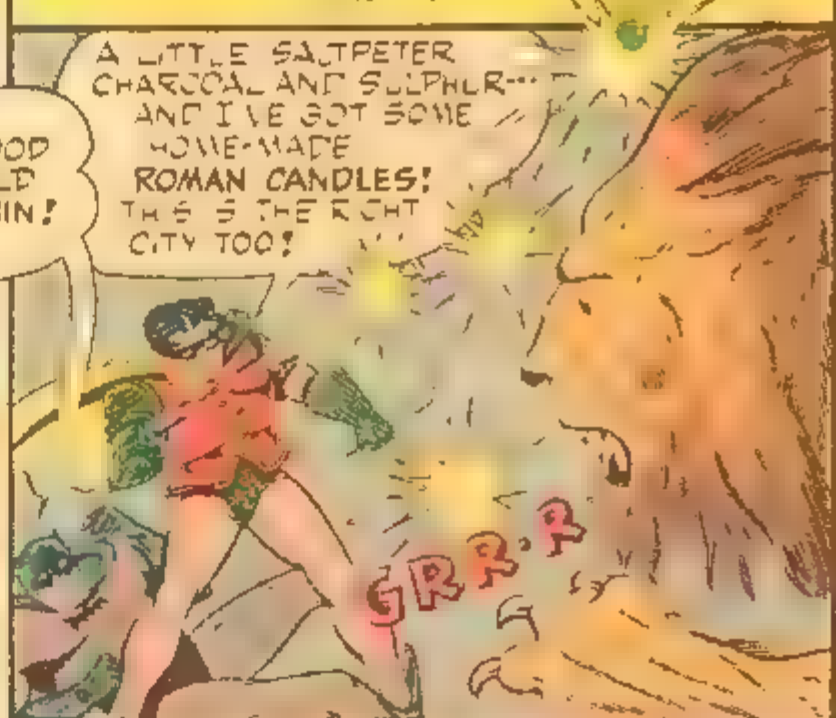


GOT
HIM!

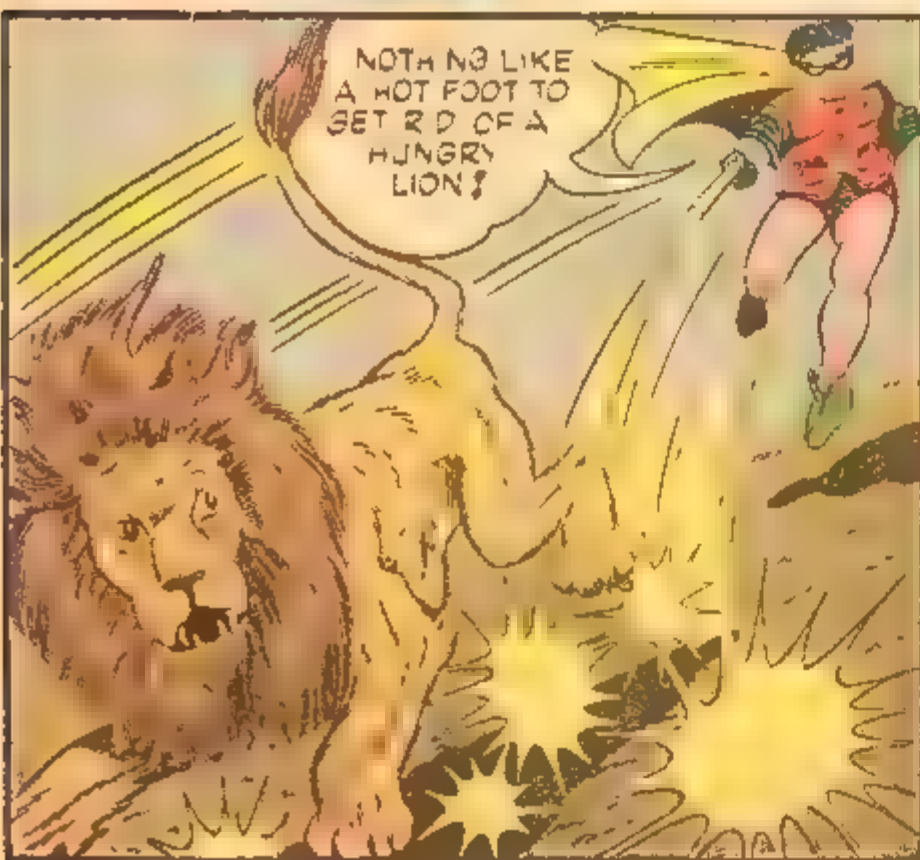
THAT MURDERING
RAT MALCHOS! I ONLY
HOPE THESE GADGETS
WORK! LUCKY I MADE
THEM LAST NIGH!



GOOD
OLD
ROBIN!



A LITTLE SALT PETER
CHARCOAL AND SULPHUR...
AND I'VE GOT SOME
HOME-MADE
ROMAN CANDLES!
THIS IS THE RIGHT
CITY TOO!



NOTHNG LIKE
A HOT FOOT TO
GET RD OF A
HUNGRY
LION!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
MYSELF CURSED
BATMANUS!

BUT THE ROMAN CLOWN INTERCEPTS
MALCHIO'S DESPERATE PLAN...

YOU'RE ALWAYS
BOASTING MALCHIO!
BUT BOASTS ARE
USELESS WHERE
YOU'LL GO!

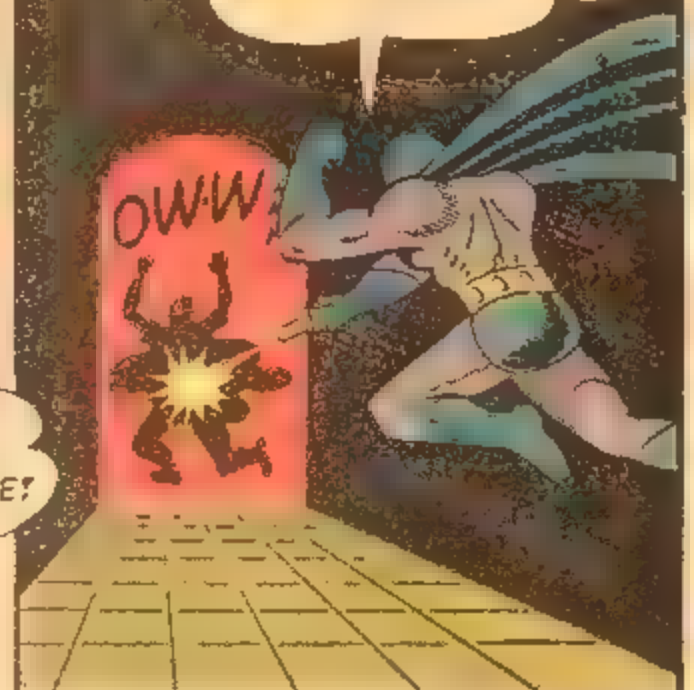


THANKS JESTER! NEVER
THOUGHT I'D HAVE MY
LIFE SAVED BY
SOMEBODY
WHO LOOKS
LIKE THE
JOKER!



LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!

I'VE MADE ROME TOO
HOT FOR YOU MALCHIO!
YOU CAN COOL OFF
IN EXILE!

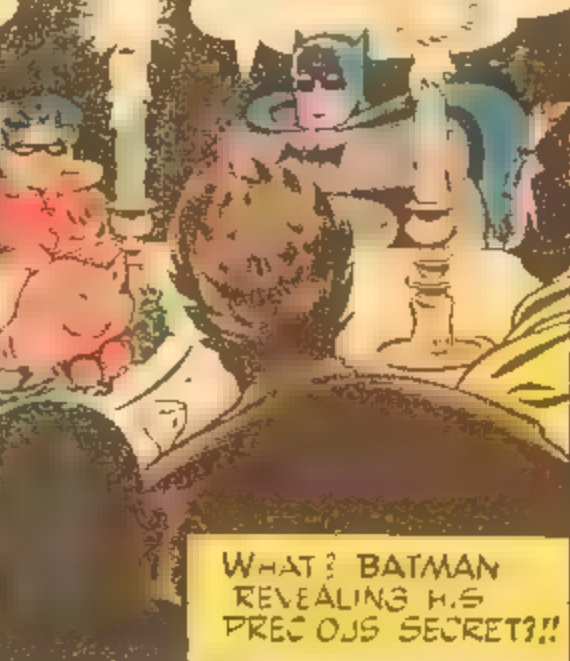


LATER AT A VICTORY CELEBRATION...

ONE THING I WOULD LIKE TO ASK OF
YOU, BRAVE BATMANUS! CAN
YOU TELL US WHO YOU
REALLY ARE?



WELL I DON'T MIND
TELLING YOU JESTER!
MY NAME IS BRUCE
WAYNE, AND ROBIN
HERE IS DICK GRAYSON,
MY WARD!



WHAT? BATMAN
REVEALING HIS
PRECIOUS SECRET?!!

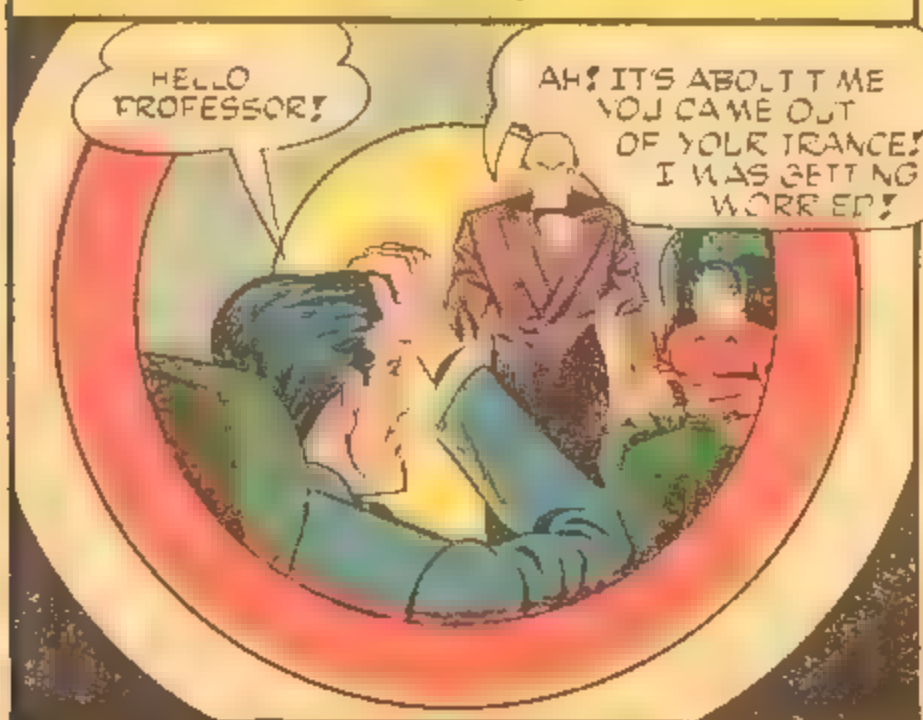
DON'T WORRY ROBIN! HISTORY
SHOWS THAT OUR IDENTITIES
WERE NEVER BETRAYED!
THERE'S NO RECORD OF IT!
THIS IS ONE TIME WHERE
THE TRUTH CAN'T
HURT!



THE R "ROMAN HOL DAY" OVER THE DYNAMIC DUO
ZOOMS BACK THROUGH THE FUNNEL OF TIME
TO 942!

HELLO
PROFESSOR!

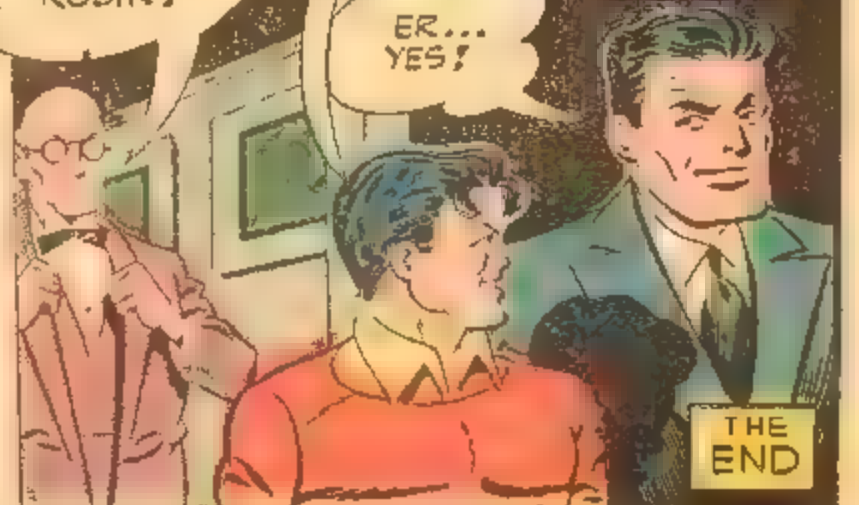
AH! IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU CAME OUT
OF YOUR TRANCE!
I WAS GETTING
WORRIED!



I GUESS OUR
EXPERIMENT FAILED!
YOU COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN IN
ROME---YOU WERE
BOTH MUTTERING
ABOUT THAT
MODERN TEAM,
BATMAN AND
ROBIN!

OH.... THAT'S
BECAUSE THEY'RE
OUR FAVORITE
CHARACTERS!
RIGHT, BRUCE?

ER...
YES!



THE
END

HECTIC HISTORY

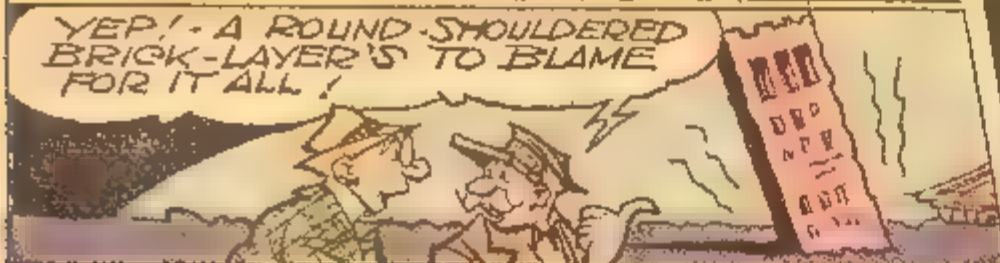
FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME
HECTIC HISTORY IS PLEASED
TO PRESENT HERewith
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC
PORTRAIT OF FATHER
TIME'S FATHER'S FATHER'S
FATHER'S FATHER EVER
PRINTED — — —

HI, TOOTS,
WHAT'S
FRYIN'?



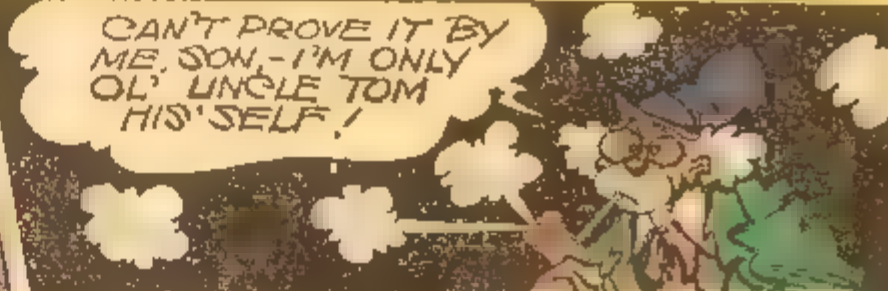
DESPITE ALL UNCLAIMED REPORTS TO
THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING, THE
LEANING TOWER OF PISA HAS NEVER
BEEN SUPPORTED BY A GROUP OF
IT'S DISTANT RELATIVES —

YEP! - A ROUND-SHOULDERED
BRICK-LAYER'S TO BLAME
FOR IT ALL!



AND IF ANYONE EVER TELLS YOU THAT
'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN' WAS A CHATTANOOGA
NIGHT CLUB, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, —
THAT'S JUST A LOT OF HECTIC HISTORY!

CAN'T PROVE IT BY
ME, SON, - I'M ONLY
OL' UNCLE TOM
HISSELF!



PAUL REVERE DID NOT RIDE WHIRLAWAY
OR EVEN COUNT FLEET ON HIS HISTORY MAKING
RIDE, — THE NAQ'S NAME WAS 'NOGGINS'

MAKE FASTER
NOGGINS, OR I'LL
BE AFTER FORGETTIN'
YOU IN MY WILL!



THE EIFFEL TOWER WAS NOT BUILT
WITH MONEY DONATED BY THE SCHOOL
CHILDREN OF SOUTH CHICAGO, ILL., IN
THE SPRING OF 1925, - (OR ANY
OTHER SPRING IN SOUTH CHICAGO
FOR THAT MATTER)

MAKE MY NEXT
ANNUDER,
VER-NELER!

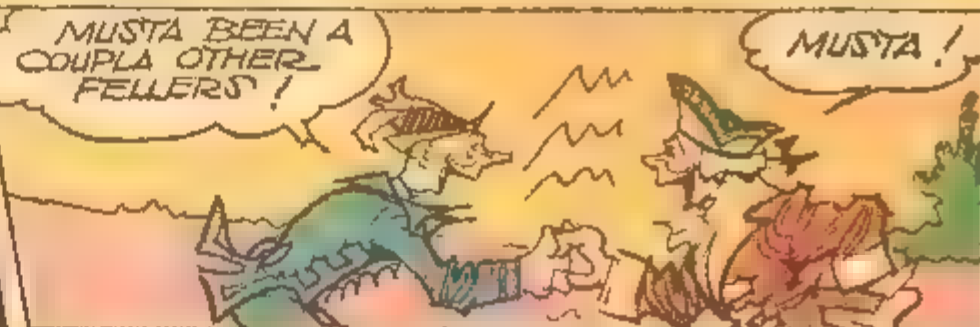


ARCHIMEDES THE ANCIENT
PHILOSOPHER WAS DEFINITELY NOT
THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR OF THE POPULAR
PRESENT DAY 'FALLEN ARCH' —

AT LONG LAST HECTIC HISTORY HAS POSITIVE
PROOF THAT SIR ISAAC NEWTON DID NOT
DISCOVER ELECTRICITY BUT THAT BEN FRANKLIN
WAS ALSO NOT THE DISCOVERER OF GRAVITATION —



CHUM, YOU'RE
PRACTICALLY
WALKING IN
THE SUBWAY
RIGHT NOW!

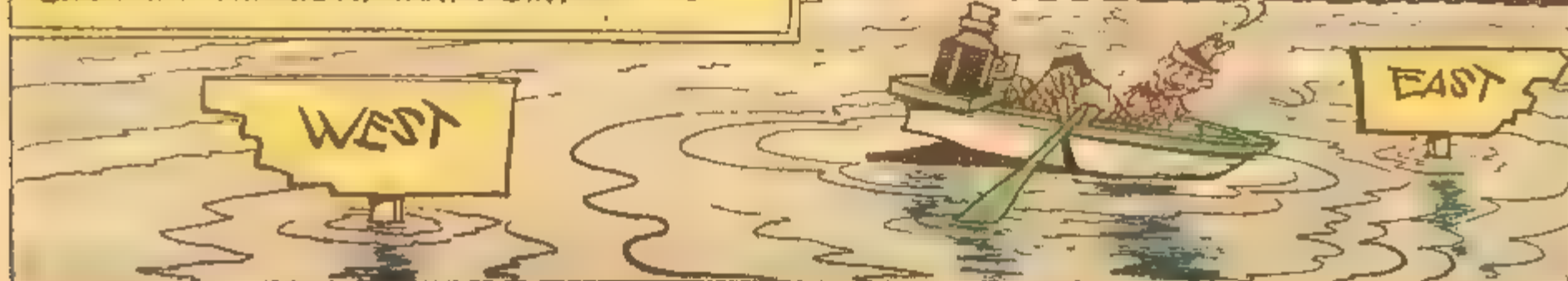


MUSTA BEEN A
COUPLA OTHER
FELLERS!

MUSTA!

AFTER 30 YEARS OF INTENSE STUDY MARINE
ENGINEERS HAVE CONCLUDED THAT IF THE
'WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER' WERE REMOVED
FOR THE DEPTH OF ONE MILE INLAND, THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL WOULD BE EXACTLY
ONE MILE WIDER AT THAT POINT —

NOW THAT'S SUMP'N! -
IT GIVES A GUY A CHANCE
TO TURN AROUND!





"Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this chest!"



OUR SAILOR FRIEND CERTAINLY APPRECIATES THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." SO WILL YOU, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW REALLY GOOD WHEATIES ARE....GOOD FOR YOU....AND DELICIOUSLY GOOD, TOO.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE **THE SAME CHAMPION DISH** RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY LEADING COACHES AND BIG-TIME ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY AND ZIPPY "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES, YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES TOP NOURISHMENT AND TIP-TOP FLAVOR. SO GET SET FOR **REAL FUN AT BREAKFAST**. SAIL INTO A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



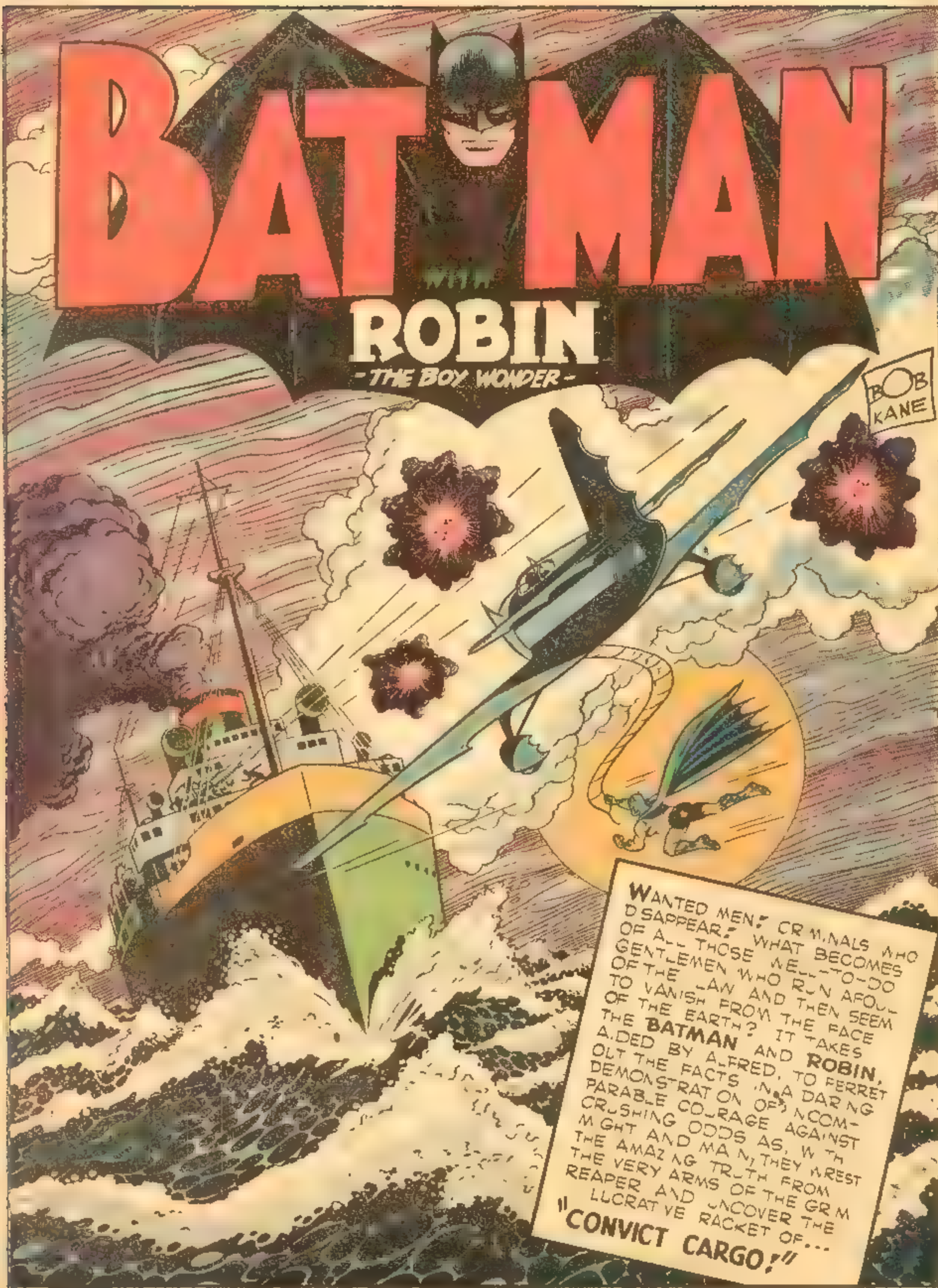
BATMAN



BATMAN

ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -



BOB
KANE

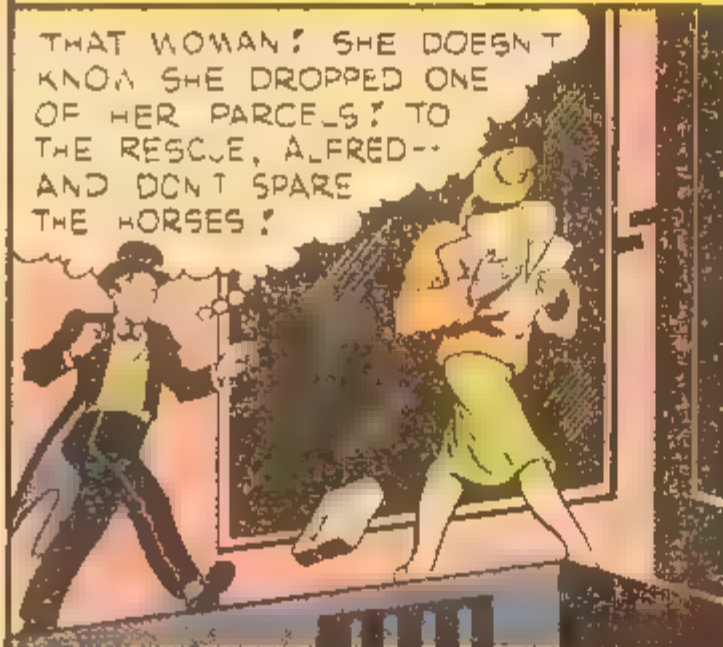
WANTED MEN, CRIMINALS WHO
DISAPPEAR, WHAT BECOMES
OF ALL THOSE WELL-TO-DO
GENTLEMEN WHO RUN AROUND
THE LAW AND THEN SEEM
TO VANISH FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH? IT TAKES
THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**,
AIDED BY ALFRED, TO FERRET
OUT THE FACTS IN A DARING
DEMONSTRATION OF UNCOM-
PARABLE COURAGE AGAINST
CRUSHING ODDS AS, WITH
MIGHT AND MAIN, THEY WREST
THE AMAZING TRUTH FROM
THE VERY ARMS OF THE GRIM
REAPER AND UNCOVER THE
ILLUSTRATIVE RACKET OF...
"CONVICT CARGO!"

FRUSTRATED AMBITION BURNS IN THE SOUL OF ALFRED THE WAYNE BUTLER, FOR HE DREAMS OF BEING A GREAT DETECTIVE, FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS FAMED MASTERS, **BATMAN AND ROBIN...**

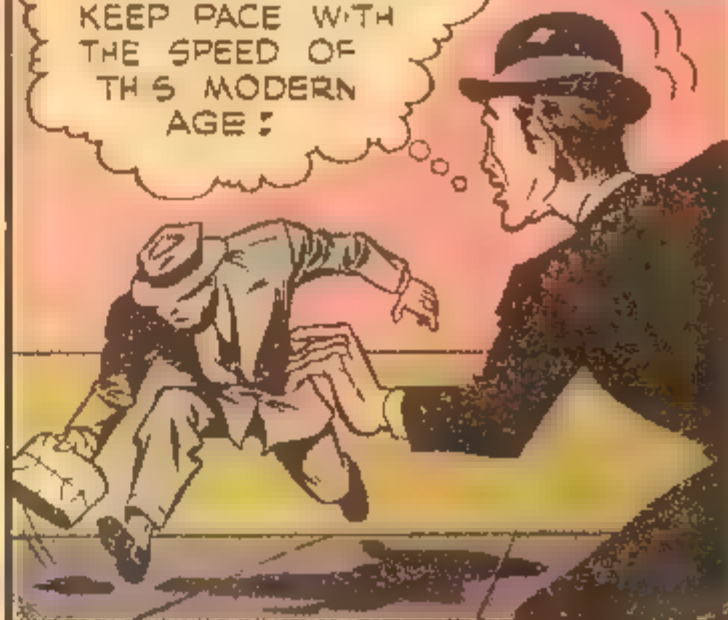


ON HIS DAY OFF ALFRED IS FOND OF STROLLING ALONG THE BROAD THOROUGHFARES OF GOTHAM'S SHOPPING DISTRICT...

THAT WOMAN! SHE DOESN'T KNOW SHE DROPPED ONE OF HER PARCELS! TO THE RESCUE, ALFRED-- AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!

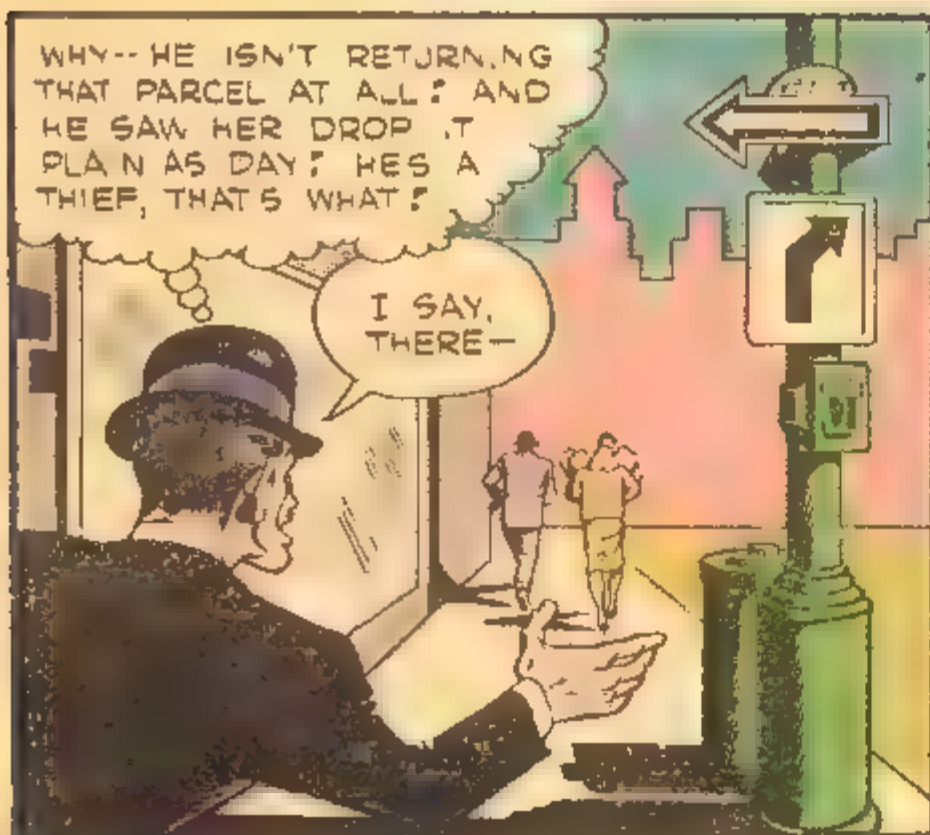


WELL-- THAT MAN BEAT ME TO IT! ALAS-- HOW CAN MY INGRAINED CHIVALRY KEEP PACE WITH THE SPEED OF THIS MODERN AGE?



WHY-- HE ISN'T RETURNING THAT PARCEL AT ALL? AND HE SAW HER DROP IT PLAIN AS DAY? HE'S A THIEF, THAT'S WHAT?

I SAY, THERE--



YOU? COME BACK WITH THAT PARCEL? STOP, THIEF! I DECLARE-- HE'S MAKING A BOLT FOR IT!

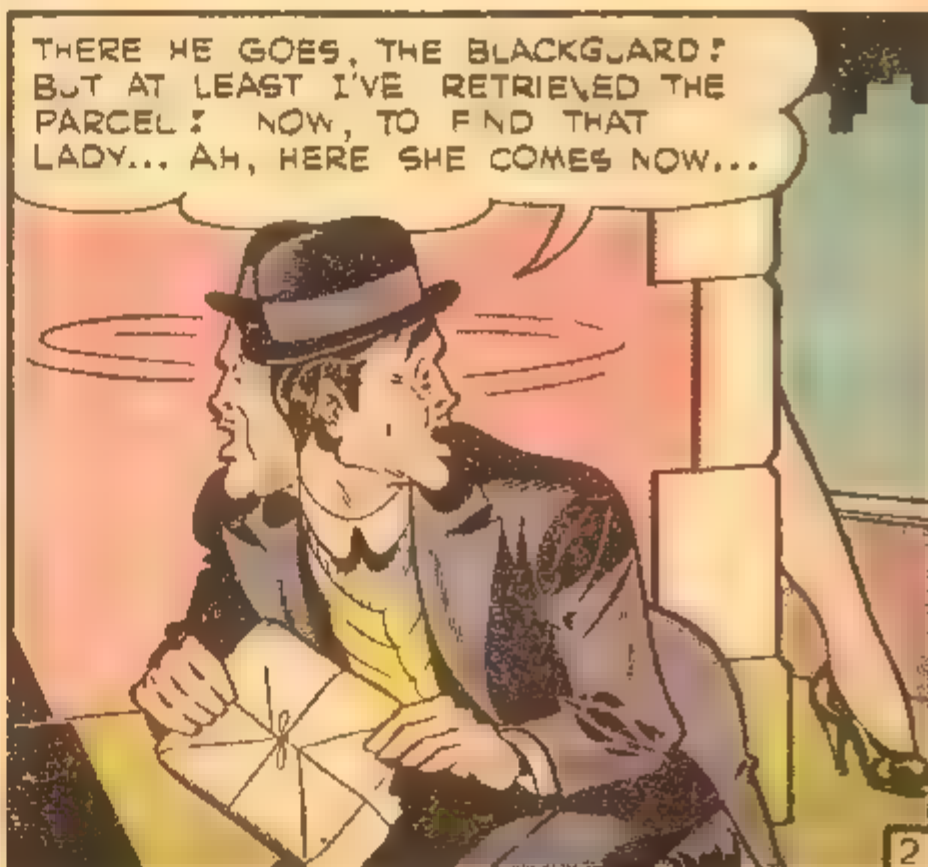


AHA -- I HAVE YOU NOW, YOU SCOUNDREL!

OF ALL DA TOUGH LUCK!



THERE HE GOES, THE BLACKGUARD! BUT AT LEAST I'VE RETRIEVED THE PARCEL! NOW, TO FIND THAT LADY... AH, HERE SHE COMES NOW...





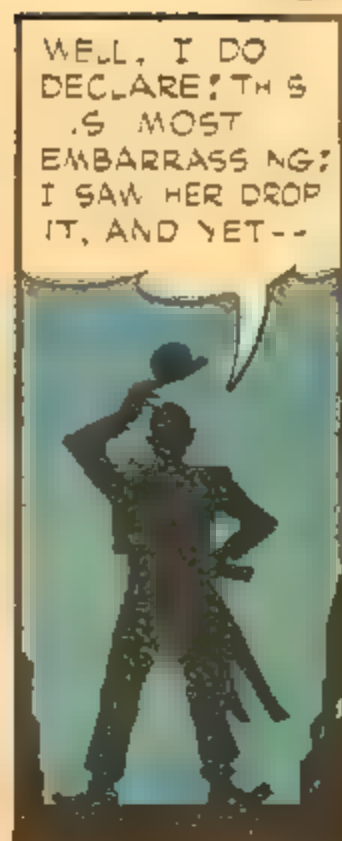
ALLOW ME, MADAM, TO RETURN THIS PACKAGE WHICH YOU JUST DROPPED! BEING SOMETHING OF A DETECTIVE, I SUCCEEDED IN RETREIVING IT FROM A THIEF WHO WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE MADE OFF WITH IT!

DETECTIVE? PACKAGE? BUT THAT'S NOT MINE!

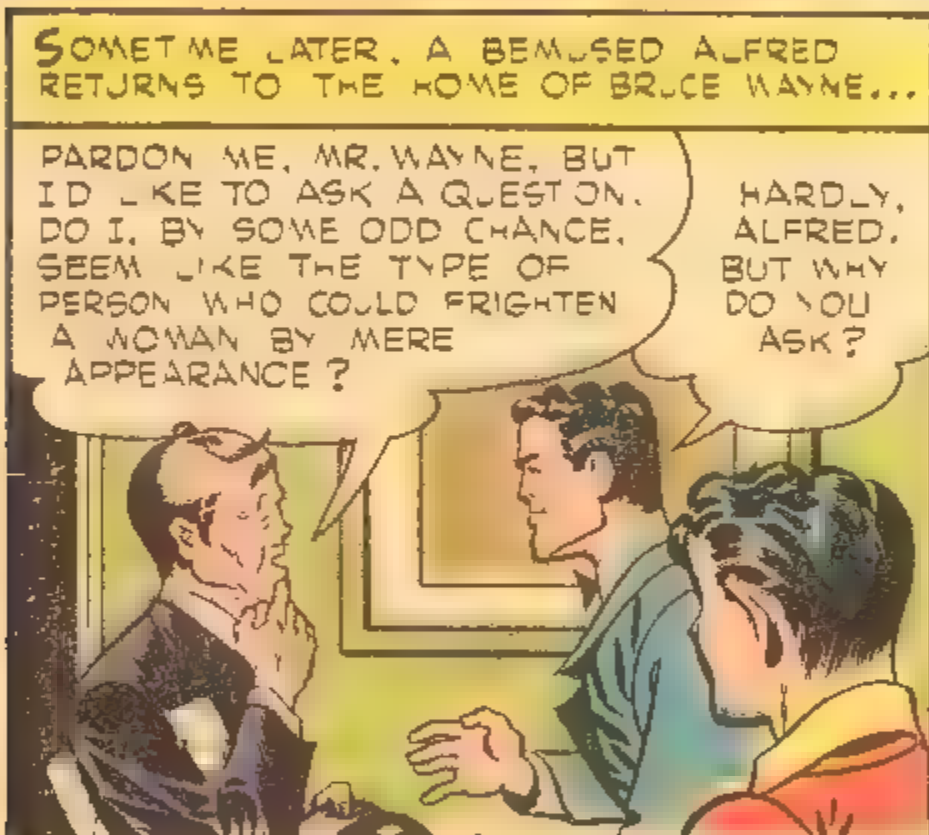


BUT, MADAM-- I SAW YOU DROP IT!

LISTEN, MISTER-- IT AIN'T MINE, SEE? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE AN GO PEDDLE YER PACKAGES!



WELL, I DO DECLARE! THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING! I SAW HER DROP IT, AND YET--



SOMETIME LATER, A BEMUSED ALFRED RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

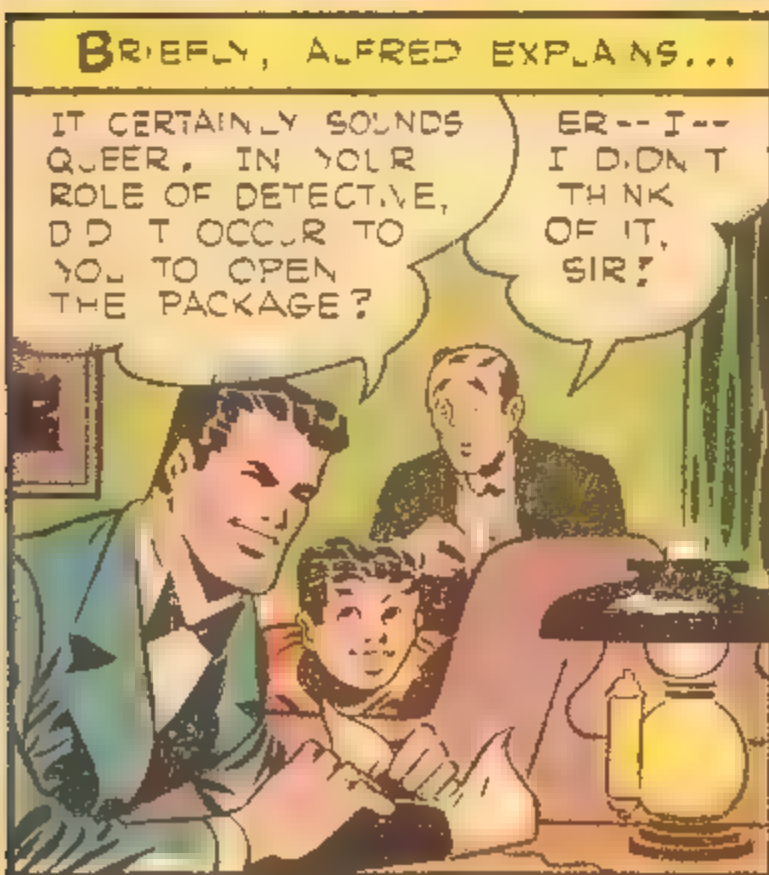
PARDON ME, MR. WAYNE, BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK A QUESTION. DO I, BY SOME ODD CHANCE, SEEM LIKE THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO COULD FRIGHTEN A WOMAN BY MERE APPEARANCE?

HARDLY, ALFRED, BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?



THIS PACKAGE, SIR? IT REPRESENTS MY LATEST VENTURE INTO THE PROFESSION OF BEING A DETECTIVE! I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT THE TYPE!

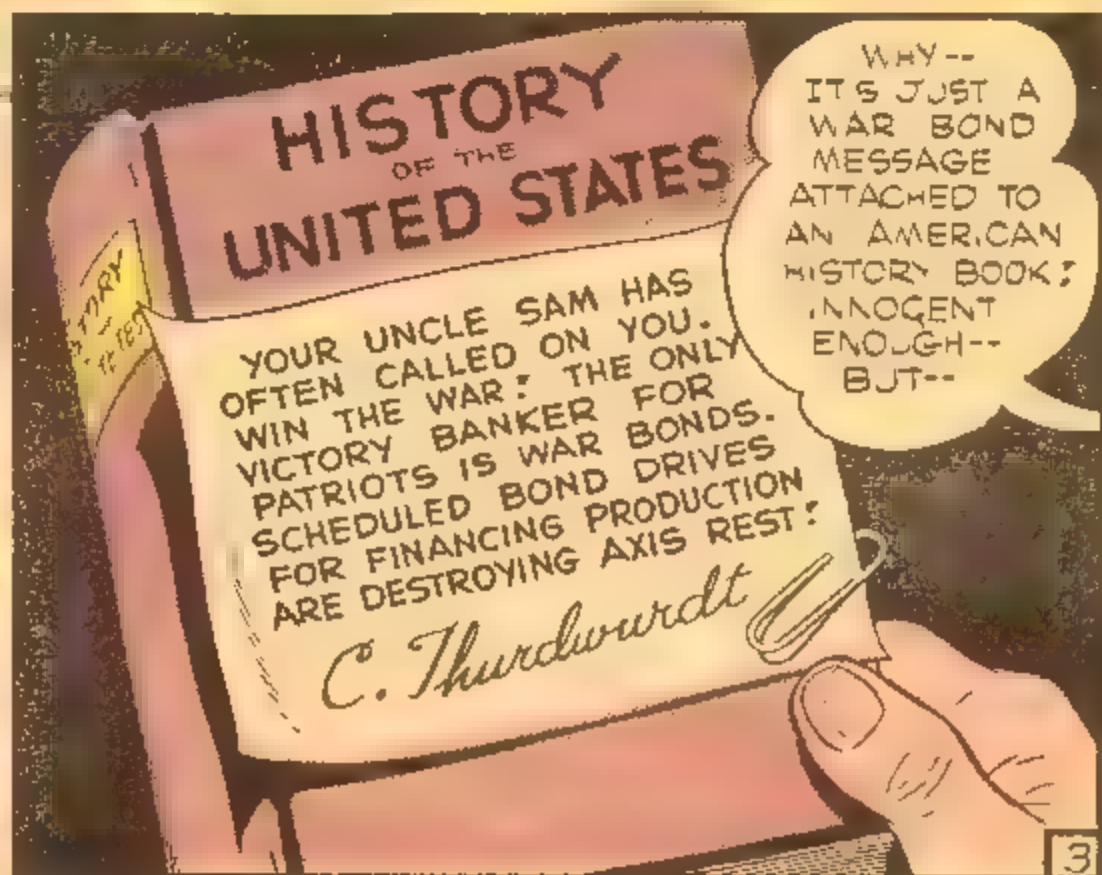
HMM-- I WOULDN'T SAY YOU WERE SO FAR WRONG THERE, BUT WHAT HAPPENED?



BRIEFLY, ALFRED EXPLAINS...

IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS QUEER, IN YOUR ROLE OF DETECTIVE, DID IT OCCUR TO YOU TO OPEN THE PACKAGE?

ER-- I-- I DIDN'T THINK OF IT, SIR!



HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS OFTEN CALLED ON YOU. WIN THE WAR! THE ONLY VICTORY BANKER FOR PATRIOTS IS WAR BONDS. SCHEDULED BOND DRIVES FOR FINANCING PRODUCTION ARE DESTROYING AXIS REST!

C. Thurdwardt

WHY-- IT'S JUST A WAR BOND MESSAGE ATTACHED TO AN AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK! INNOCENT ENOUGH-- BUT--

-WHY SHOULD THAT WOMAN HAVE BEEN SO ANXIOUS TO DENY OWNING THE PARCEL? THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS MESSAGE, EVEN THE WORDING IS QUEER.

THE WORDING? THAT'S IT! MAYBE IT'S A CODE!



A CODE? BUT I DON'T SEE-- A.A.T. A MINUTE! IT'S SIGNED C. THURDWARDT! AN UNUSUAL NAME. SOUNDS RATHER LIKE-- WHY OF COURSE! C. THURDWARDT COULD MEAN "SEE THIRD WORD!" BUT THE THIRD WORD IS SAM? THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

IF IT REALLY IS A CODE, THEN MAYBE IT MEANS EVERY THIRD WORD. THAT SORT OF CODE IS QUITE COMMON. LET'S SEE: "SAM CALLED W.N. THE BANKER IS SCHEDULED FOR ARREST." IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

"SAM CALLED W.N.? WHY THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BANKER, SAM CALDWIN? IT DOES MAKE SENSE!"

YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS OFTEN CALLED ON YOU. WIN THE WAR: THE ONLY VICTORY BANKER FOR PATRIOTS IS WAR BONDS. SCHEDULED BOND DRIVES FOR FINANCING PRODUCTION ARE DESTROYING AXIS REST!

C. Thurdwardt

YOU'RE RIGHT! THE MESSAGE READS: "SAM CALDWIN THE BANKER IS SCHEDULED FOR ARREST. IT FITS TOO EASILY TO BE AN ACCIDENT. BUT SAM CALDWIN IS A HIGHLY RESPECTED MAN, WHY SHOULD HE BE SCHEDULED FOR ARREST?"

PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO SEE H.M. AND FIND OUT!

GRACIOUS GOODNESS! HAD I OPENED THE PARCEL MYSELF, I WOULD NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED ITS INNOCENT APPEARING CONTENTS!

WE MAY STILL BE WRONG, ALFRED! BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE!

FURTHER DELIBERATION BLENDS INTO THE ROAR OF A RACING MOTOR AS FLEET SECONDS LATER, THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TOWARD BANKER CALDWIN'S HOME...

WE'LL LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH IF THIS MESSAGE TURNS OUT TO BE JUST A FRAGMENT OF OUR IMAGINATIONS!

AND YET-- WE'LL BE BIGGER FOOLS IF WE DON'T CHECK UP!

BATMAN AND ROBIN? ER-- TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT?

IT MAY BE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT, MR. CALDWIN. WE'RE NOT SURE. BUT WE'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.



FIRST OF ALL, I PRESUME THE POSITION OF YOUR BANK WOULD BE PERFECTLY SOUND IF THERE WERE AN AUDIT OF THE BOOKS TOMORROW?

YOW, WAT, BATMAN? SURELY YOU ARENT GOING TO BELIEVE THOSE RUMORS THAT THERES BEEN A SHORTAGE?

UH-UH? LOOKS LIKE WE'VE STRUCK OIL!

RUMORS DID YOU SAY? HMMM... DO YOU THINK THERES ANY POSSIBILITY OF YOUR BEING ARRESTED, MR. CALDWIN?

LOOK HERE, S R? I'M NOT OBLIGED TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION. HAD I KNOWN WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT, I'D NOT HAVE ADMITTED YOU! THERES NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME--YET!

SUDDENLY, SAM CALDWIN'S SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR CRYSTALLIZES INTO CONCRETE ACTION!

AND I'M NOT STAYING IN THIS COUNTRY UNTIL THERE'S EVIDENCE! GET THEM, BOYS!

BATMAN! WATCH OUT! IT'S A TRAP!

I'M BOOKING YOU FOR ASSAULT!

DA BRATS GOT A SOCK LIKE A SWINGIN' BOOM! GRAB H.M., WATERS!

THREE AGAINST ONE? C MON, YOU RATS!

A REAL LITTLE WISE GUY HUM? WELL, DICTONARY'S GONNA HAVE DA LAST WORD!

LET'S GO! BY THE TIME THEY COME TO, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY OUT TO SEA!

TIME TICKS ON, ADDING DISTANCE BETWEEN THE ESCAPING CROOKS AND THE DAZED DUO. WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS BELATEDLY RETURNS...



BATMAN--COME OUT OF IT? WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB ON OUR HANDS!

HUM? WHAT? OH--NOW I REMEMBER! QUICK--A TELEPHONE! I'VE GOT TO GET COMMISSIONER GORDON!



SECONDS LATER...

YES, BATMAN.. **WHAT?** SAM CALDWIN? THAT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE! WHENEVER WE GET SET TO SPRING A TRAP ON SOMEONE, HE DISAPPEARS BEFORE WE CAN NAB HIM!



WELL, ROBIN-- SOME G.R.L. IN THE DA'S OFFICE MUST HAVE TIPPED OFF A GANG ABOUT CALDWIN'S IMPENDING ARREST FOR JUGGLING FUNDS! THE GANG TOLD CALDWIN AND EXACTED A PRICE FOR GETTING HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY! A SWEET RACKET!

IS THAT THE COMMISSIONER'S THEORY? THEN THAT PARCEL WAS MEANT TO BE PICKED UP BY THAT CROOK ALFRED CHASE?

AND IT LOOKED SO INNOCENT JUST IN CASE IT GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS. A CLEVER WAY, TOO, OF KEEPING THE GAL FROM RUNNING THE RISK OF BEING SEEN ASSOCIATING WITH MUGGS.

IT MUST HAVE WORKED THAT WAY. OTHERWISE, WHO TOLD CALDWIN AND OTHERS BEFORE HIM, THE DA WAS PLANNING TO CRACK DOWN?

IF ALFRED HADN'T MENTIONED BEING A DETECTIVE, THAT GAL WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SCARED. SHE'D HAVE ACCEPTED THE PACKAGE BACK. THE QUESTION IS-- HOW CAN WE GET A LEAD TO THE GANG? THERE ARE FIFTY G.R.L.S. IN THE DA'S OFFICE!

AND ALFRED DIDN'T EVEN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE G.R.L.'S FACE!

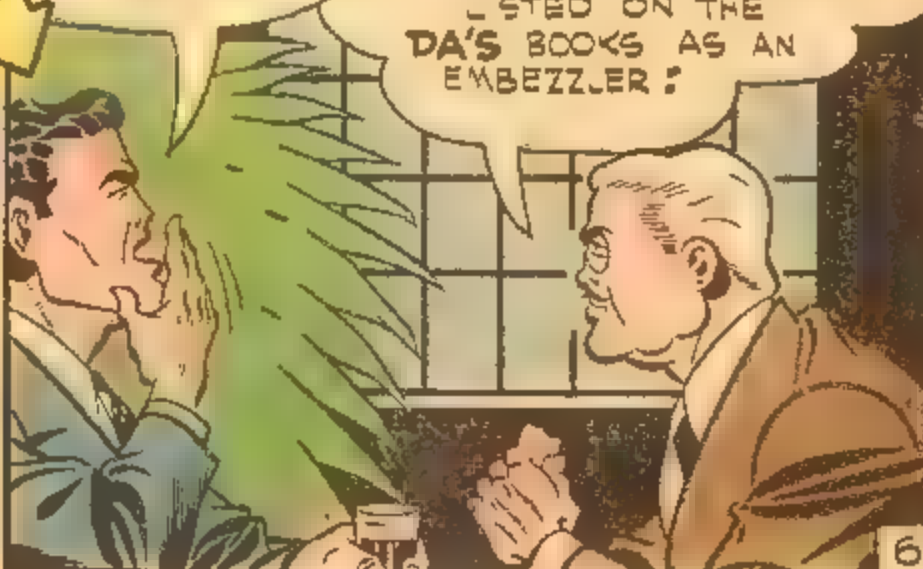
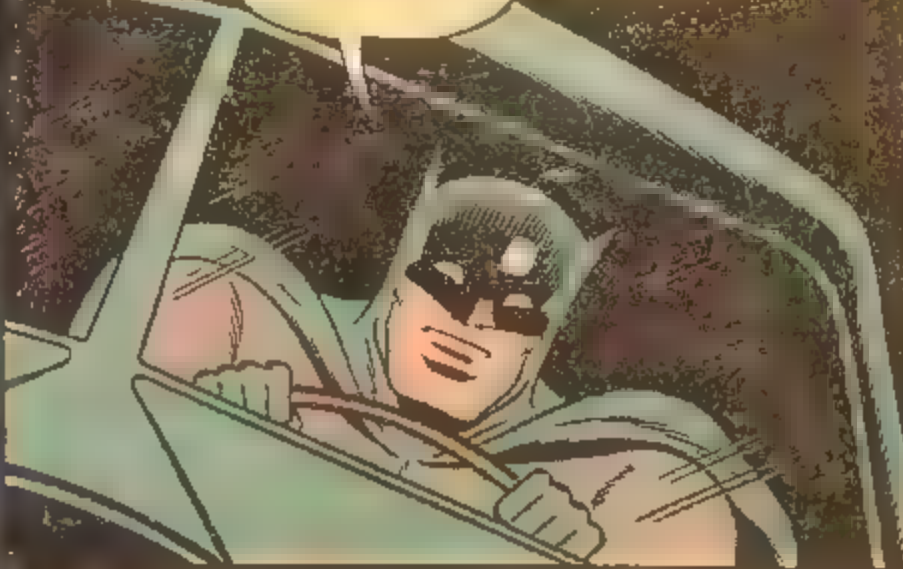


WELL THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- BAT A TRAP! AND THE BATS GOING TO BE **BRUCE WAYNE**, WHO FORTUNATELY, HAS A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT WITH GORDON!

LATER!

HO-HUM-- I'M SO BORED THESE DAYS. IF ONLY I COULD GET A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, BRUCE. YOU'D BE JUST THE MAN I NEED. PROVIDED YOU'RE WILLING TO BE TEMPORARILY LISTED ON THE DA'S BOOKS AS AN EMBEZZLER!



UNAWARE THAT BRUCE WAYNE AND **BATMAN** ARE THE SAME PERSON, GORDON EXPLAINS ABOUT THE GETAWAY GANG...

BATMAN THINKS THAT IF I CAN GET SOMEONE WEALTHY, LIKE YOURSELF, TO BE UNDER THE **DA'S** INVESTIGATION, THE GANG WILL LEARN ABOUT IT THROUGH THEIR AGENT AND CONTACT YOU?

IT SOUNDS RISKY, BUT I GUESS I CAN TAKE A CHANCE IF IT'S **BATMAN'S** DEAL? COUNT ME IN?



THUS, THE STAGE IS SET. AND THE FOLLOWING EVENING AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME...

A MOST UNSAVORY CHARACTER AT THE DOOR TO SEE YOU, S.R., REFUSES TO LEAVE HIS NAME. MAY I INQUIRE WHETHER YOU ARE AT HOME?

BY ALL MEANS? SEND HIM IN AND SEE THAT WE'RE NOT DISTURBED?



AWR GHT-- SO YA JUGGLED DA BOOKS. SO WHAT? IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT A SAYING: "WHY WORRY ABOUT DA **DA** WHEN TEN GRAND PAYS FER A OCEAN VOYAGE?" WHADDYA SAY, WAYNE?

ER-- I DON'T KNOW! I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER?



IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT ANOTHER SAYING: "A GUY WHAT THINKS TOO MUCH IS A SAP." SO LONG, WAYNE. HOPE YA LIKE DA GRUB IN DA COOLER?

WAIT-- DON'T GO! I'LL DO IT. WHAT ARE THE ARRANGEMENTS?



LATER...

SO THEY'LL CALL FOR ME IN AN HOUR, TAKE ME TO A WAREHOUSE, PACK ME INTO A CRATE AND SHIP ME ABOARD AS CARGO. STICK TO THE RADIO AND KEEP THE **BATPLANE** TUNED UP.

GOOD LUCK, BRUCE. I'LL BE WAITING.



AS THE GREAT CLOCK ON GOTHAM'S DARKENED WATERFRONT TOLLS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT, A SMALL COASTAL STEAMER SLIPS SILENTLY OUT OF GOTHAM HARBOR, ITS DESTINATION-- SOUTH AMERICA...



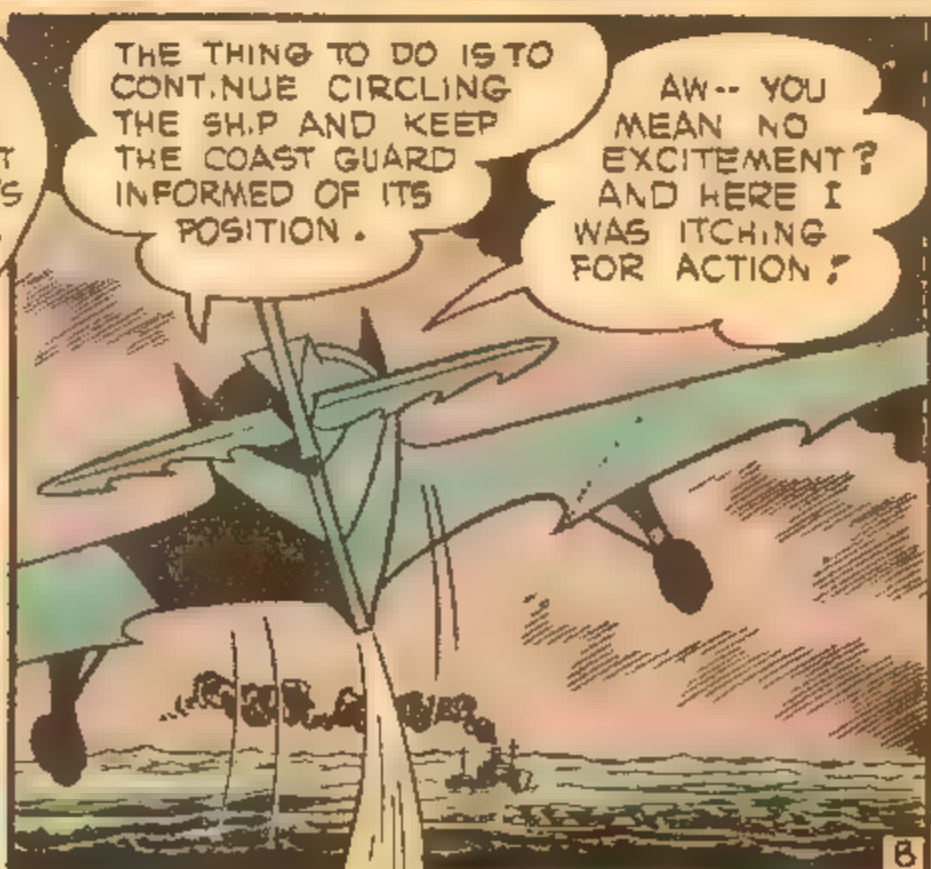
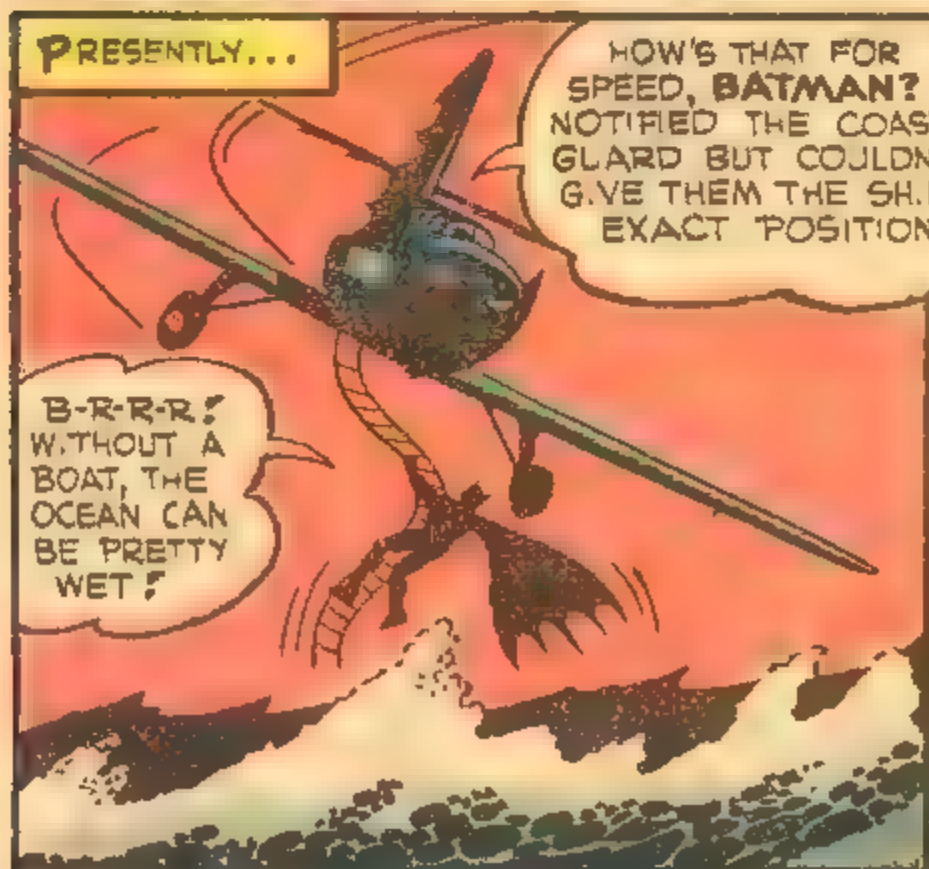
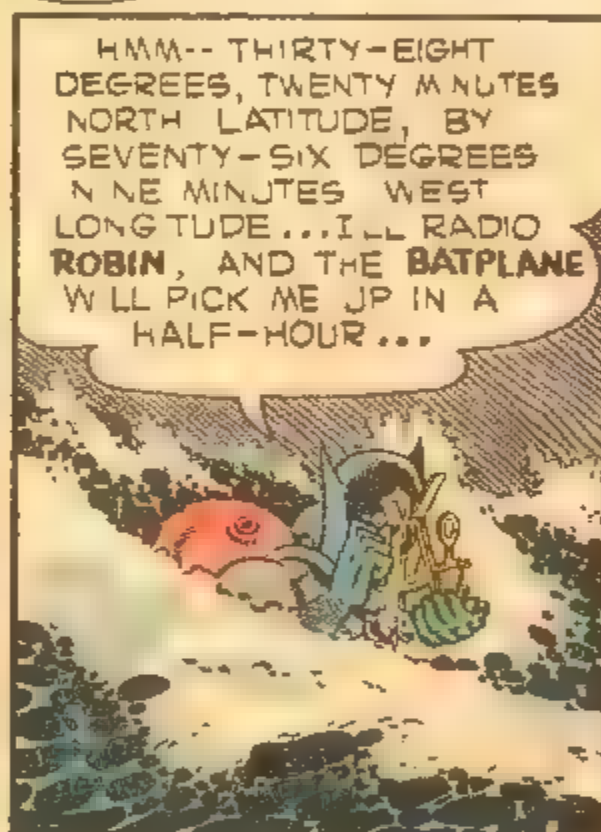
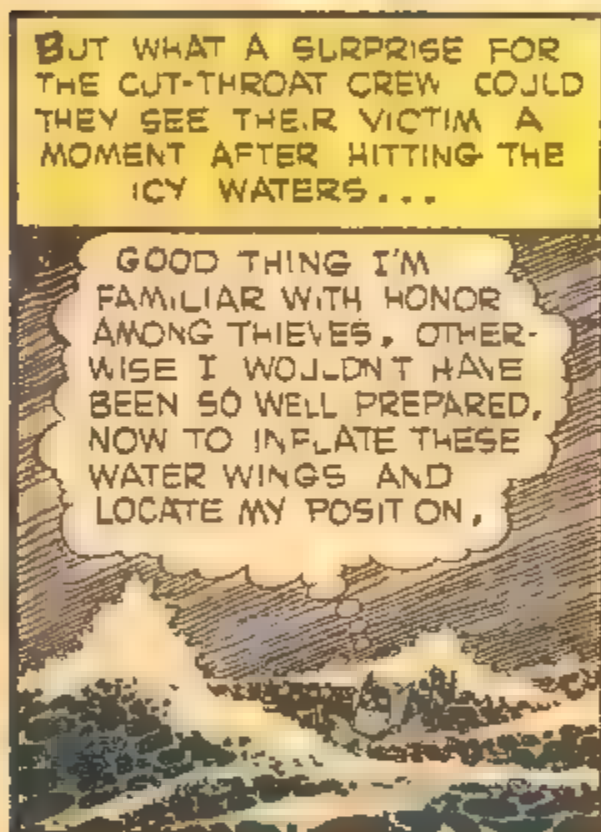
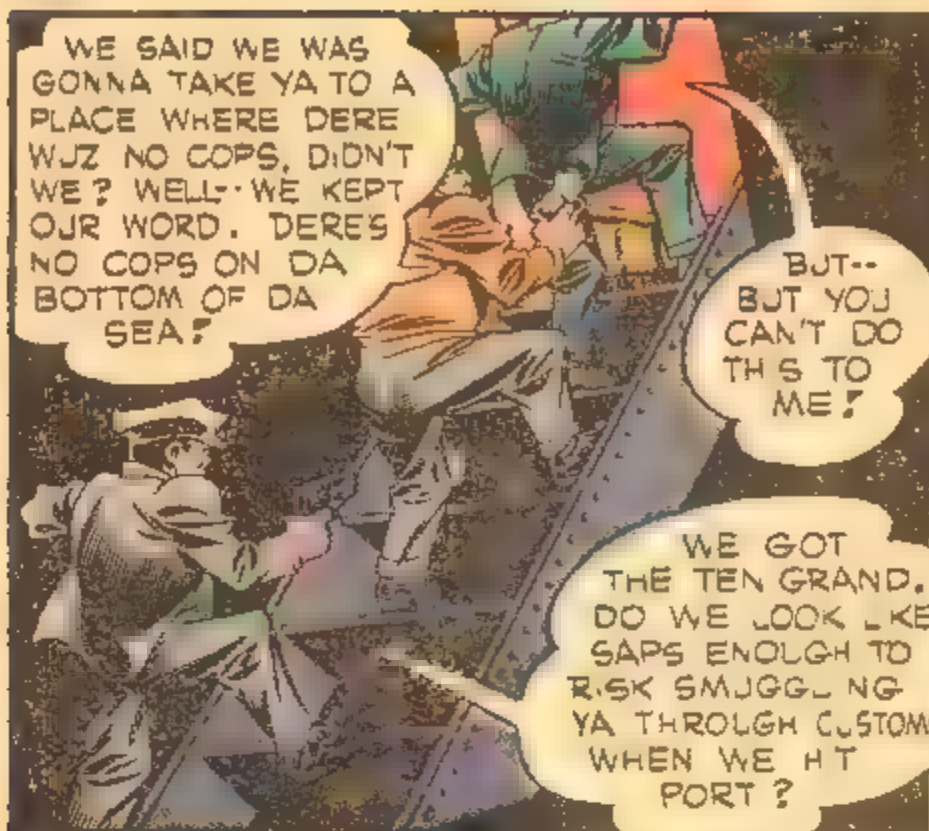
WHILE BELOW THE SILENT DECKS OF THE VANISHING VESSEL...

OKAY, SAP--YOU KIN COME OUT NOW?

SAP? WHY SAP? IF I HADN'T DONE THIS I'D HAVE GONE TO JAIL!

HA! HA! LISTEN TO HIM! PRETTY SOON YOU'RE GONNA BE WISHN YOU WAS NICE AN SAFE IN JAIL!





BUT ROBIN IS NOT GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED LONG, FOR ON THE VESSEL'S DECK...

THAT SURE IS A QUEER-LOOKIN' PLANE. LIKE A BAT? GAY - IS THE **BATPLANE**? BUT WHAT'S IT DOING WAY OUT HERE?

CAPTAIN: OUR RADIO JUST PICKED UP A MESSAGE FROM THE **BATPLANE**. THEY'RE SENDIN' OUR POSITION TO THE COAST GUARD!



SO IT'S US THEY'RE AFTER, IS IT? THERE MUSTA BEEN A LEAK SOMEWHERE! MAN THE GUNS! WE'LL BLAST THEM SNOOPIN' BLUE RATS OUTA THE SKY!



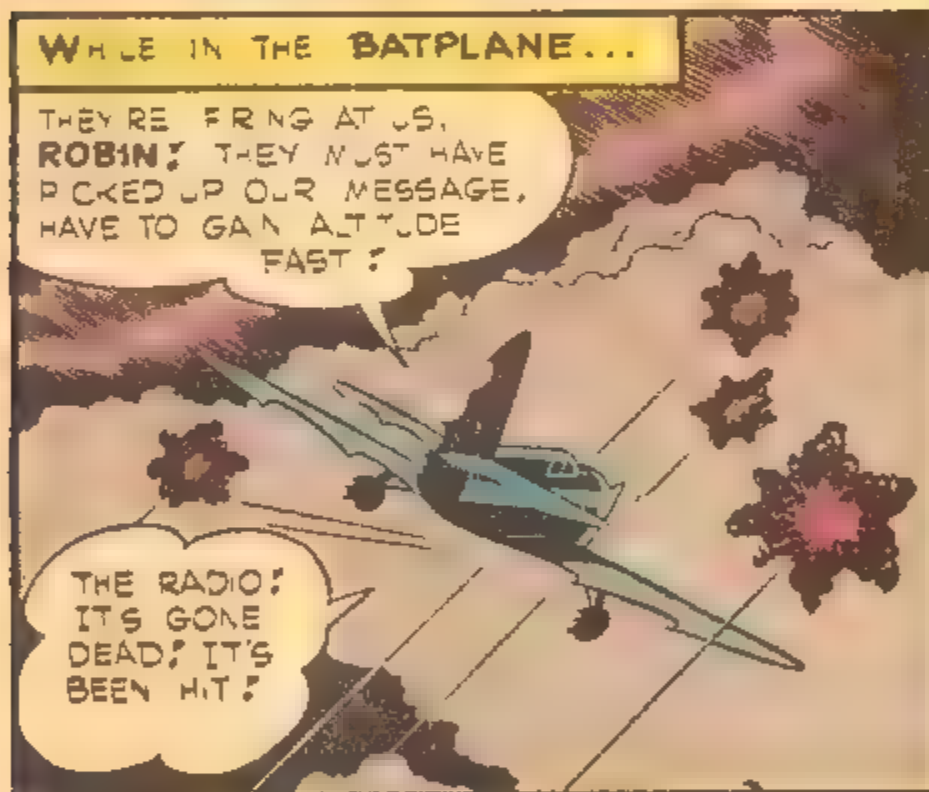
THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER IS OBEYED!



WHILE IN THE **BATPLANE**...

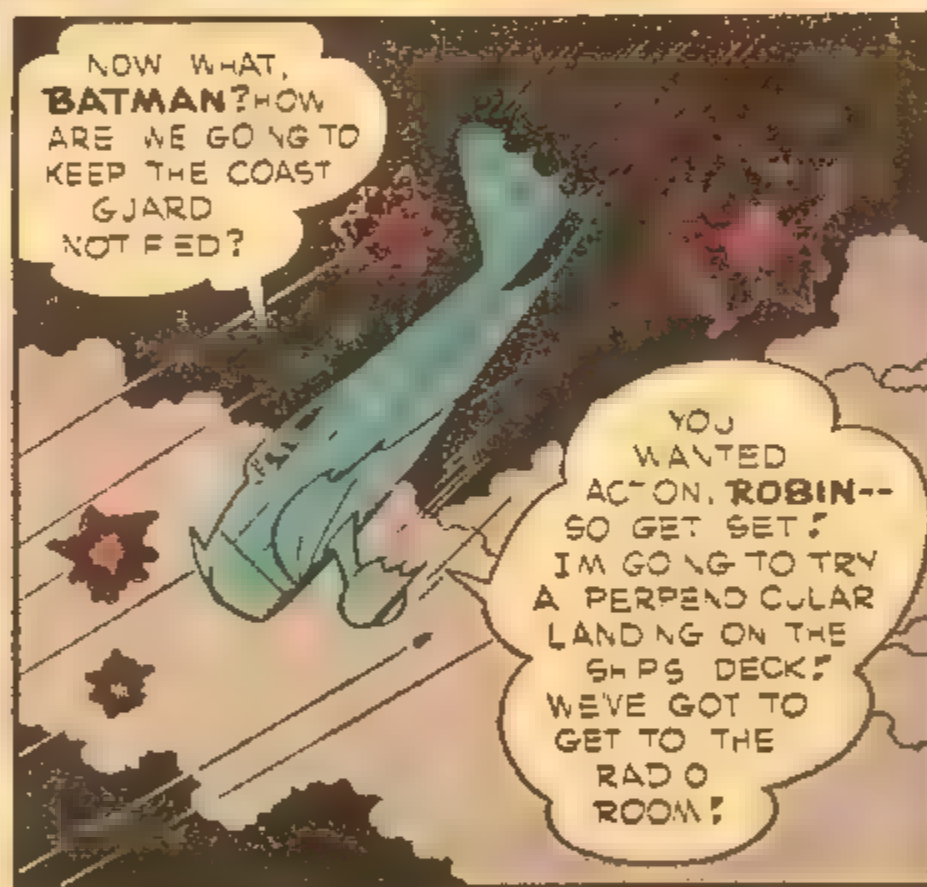
THEY'RE FIRING AT US, **ROBIN**? THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP OUR MESSAGE, HAVE TO GAIN ALTITUDE FAST!

THE RADIO! IT'S GONE DEAD! IT'S BEEN HIT!



NOW WHAT, **BATMAN**? HOW ARE WE GOING TO KEEP THE COAST GUARD NOTIFIED?

YOU WANTED ACTION, **ROBIN**-- SO GET SET! I'M GOING TO TRY A PERPENDICULAR LANDING ON THE SHIP'S DECK! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO ROOM!



SKILLED HANDS AND IRON NERVES MIRACULOUSLY MANEUVER THE **BATPLANE** THROUGH A HAIL OF DEATH UNTIL IT HOVERS DIRECTLY OVER THE VESSEL'S STERN!

I NEVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS! THEY'RE LANDIN'. CEASE FIRING! THEY'RE TOO LOW!

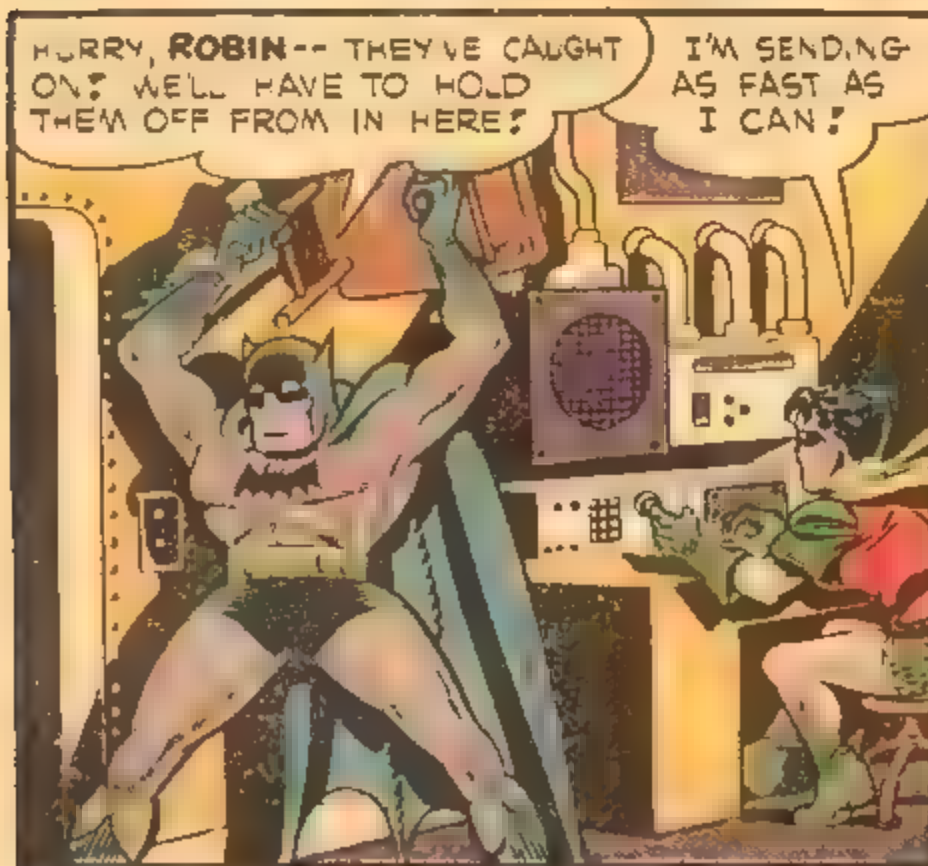
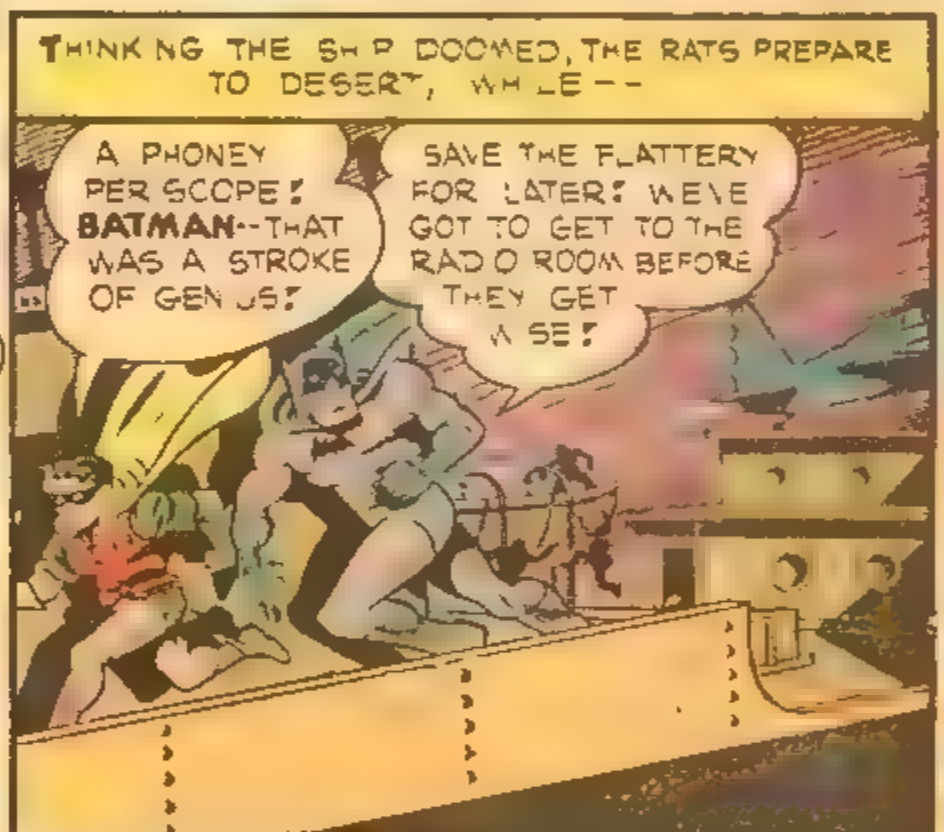
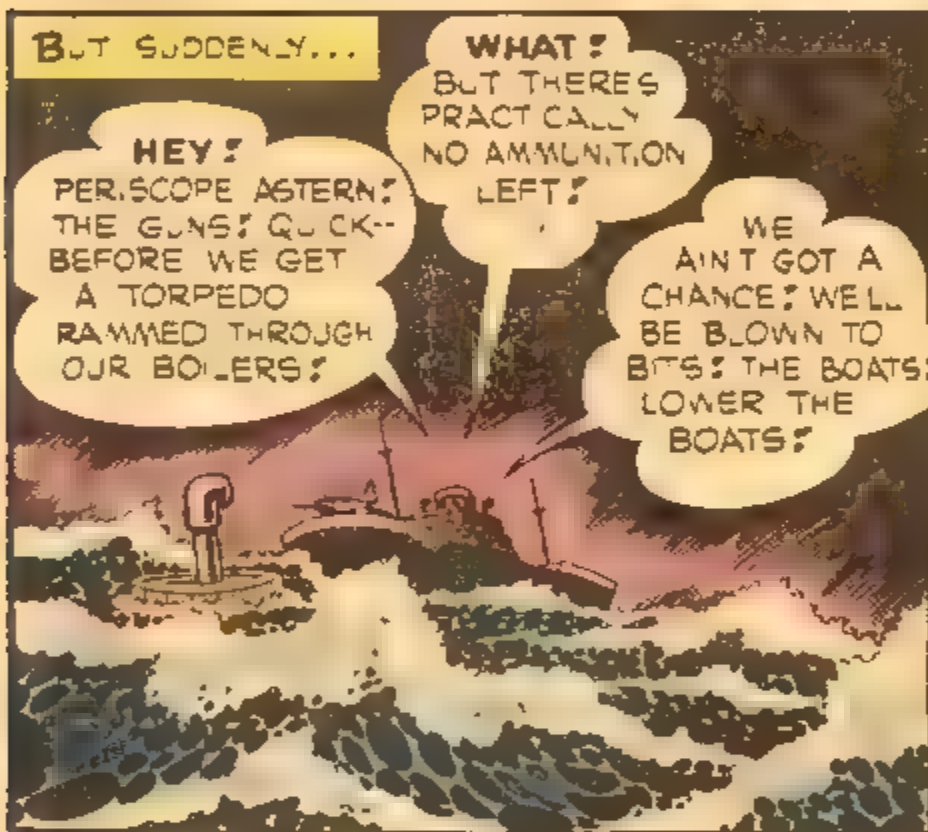
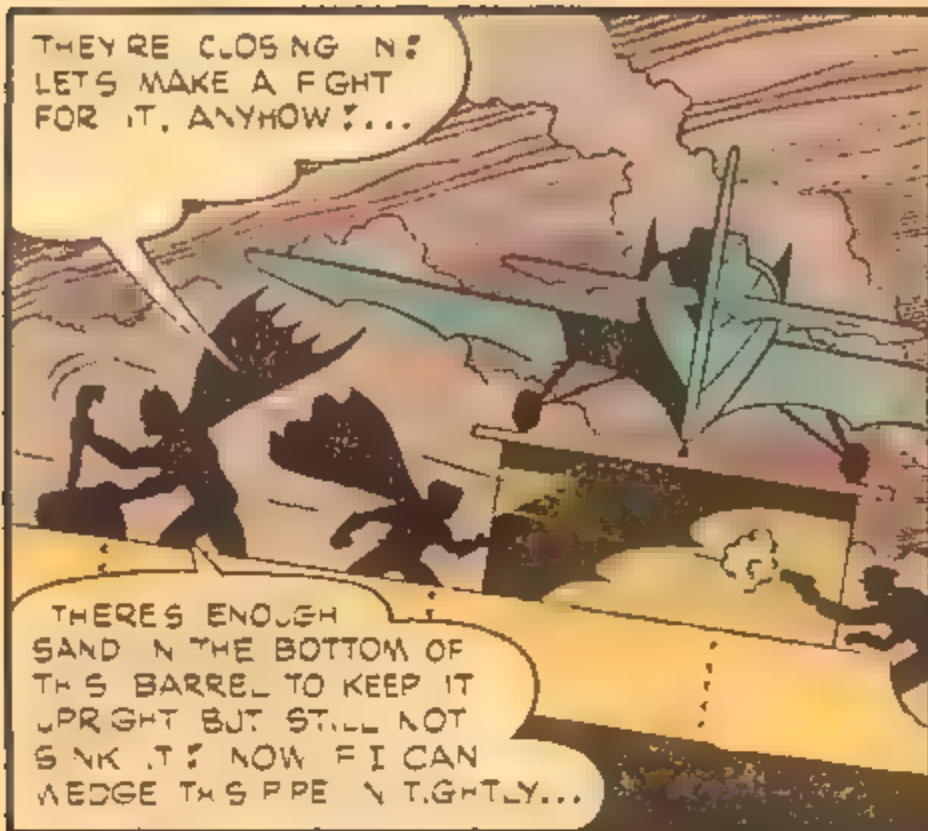
NOW WE GOT 'EM WHERE WE WANT 'EM!



LOOK AT THEM! TEN TO ONE! AND ARMED TO THE TEETH!

WHAT'S WORSE, THEY'RE BETWEEN US AND THE RADIO! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE MAKING A RUSH FOR IT! BUT WAIT-- THAT PPE!





FURIOUSLY, THE EMBATTLED PAIR FIGHT OVERWHELMING ODDS. WILL THE COAST GUARD ARRIVE IN TIME?

HAVE YOU BOYS MET EACH OTHER?

REMEMBER--THE NEXT ONE IS MINE!

THAT'S FUNNY! THEY SEEM TO HAVE STOPPED COMING. THEY MUST BE COOKING UP SOME STRATEGY!

WAIT-- I HEAR FOOT-STEPS! GET SET!

WHOOOPS! I ALMOST MADE A MISTAKE!

THE COAST GUARD!

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE CUT-THROAT GANG, THANKS TO YOU, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**. YOU CAN TAKE A REST NOW?

AND JUST IN TIME, TOO?

LATER-- IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

WE FOLLOWED WAYNE WHEN HE LEFT WITH THE GANG, BUT LOST HIM. LUCKILY, WE SPOTTED HIM IN THE WATER FROM THE **BATPLANE** AND GOT HIM HOME. THEN WE WENT AFTER THE SHIP...

GLESS I SHOULD RING HIM UP AND THANK HIM?

ER-- AH-- HE NEEDS REST, YOU KNOW?

COMMISSIONER GORDON SPEAKING? MR. WAYNE, PLEASE... HELLO, BRUCE. THAT YOU? FEEL ALL RIGHT AFTER YOUR SWIM? WELL-- JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING. AND SAY-- HOW ABOUT LUNCH TOMORROW?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

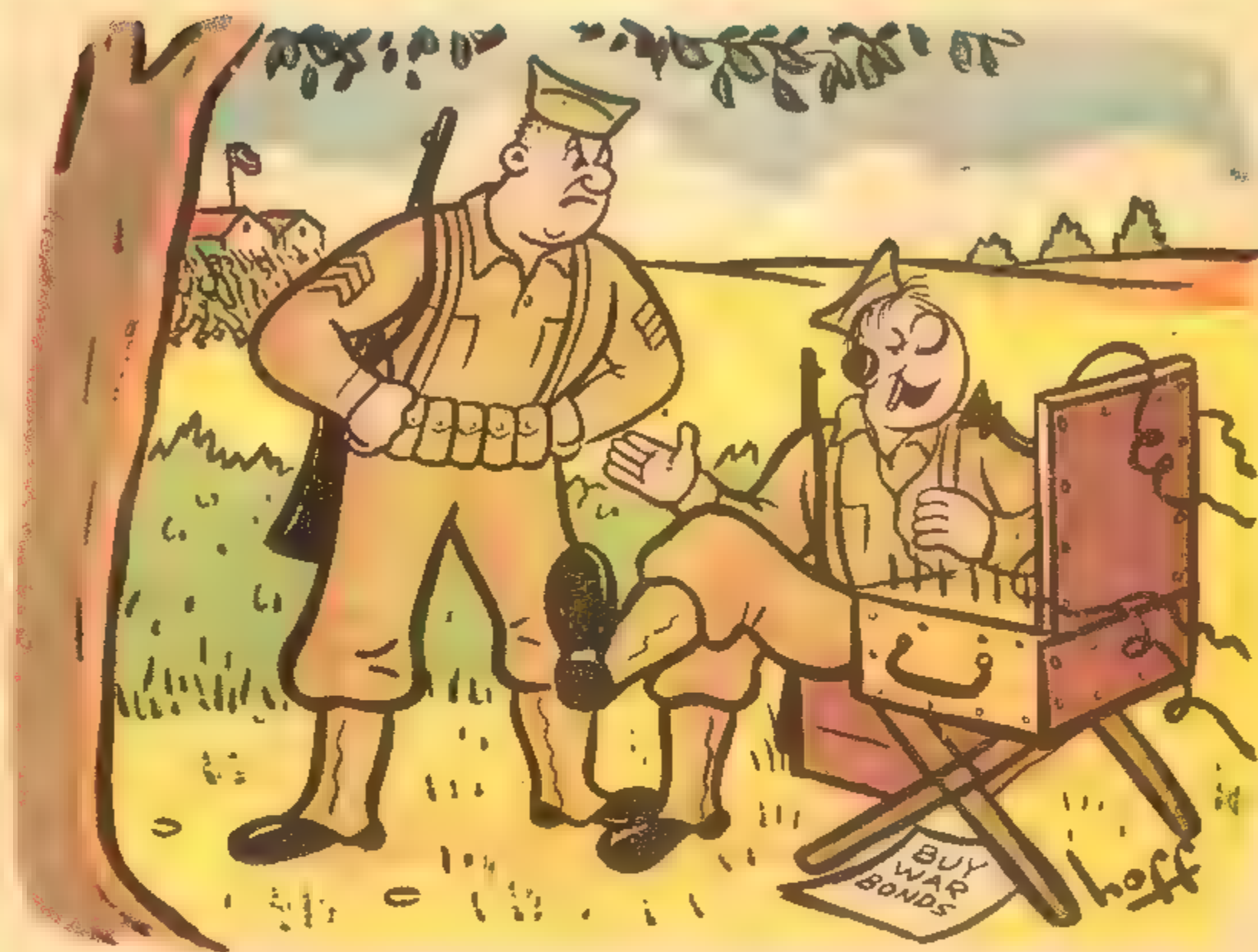
LATER, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

--AND KNOWING THAT YOU WERE BOTH AT THAT MOMENT AT THE COMMISSIONER'S, I THOUGHT TO BOLSTER YOUR STORY BY EMPLOYING MY HYPNOTIC ABILITY IN AN IMITATION OF YOUR VOICE, SIR-- BEING CAREFUL TO COVER THE MOUTHPIECE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF, THUS?

REMIND ME, ALFRED, TO RAISE YOUR SALARY AGAIN?

THE END

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

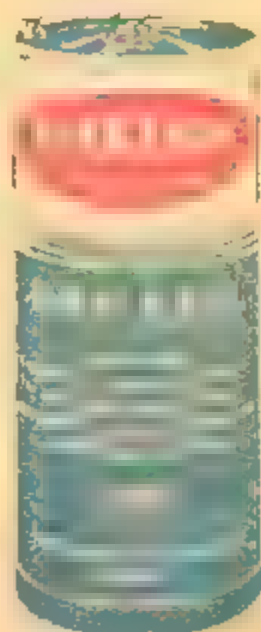
THE DEPENDABLE POWER of "Eveready" No. 6 Dry Cells is being put to excellent use right now in the armed forces field telephone units. This means that the relatively small civilian supply must be stretched as far as possible — use yours carefully!

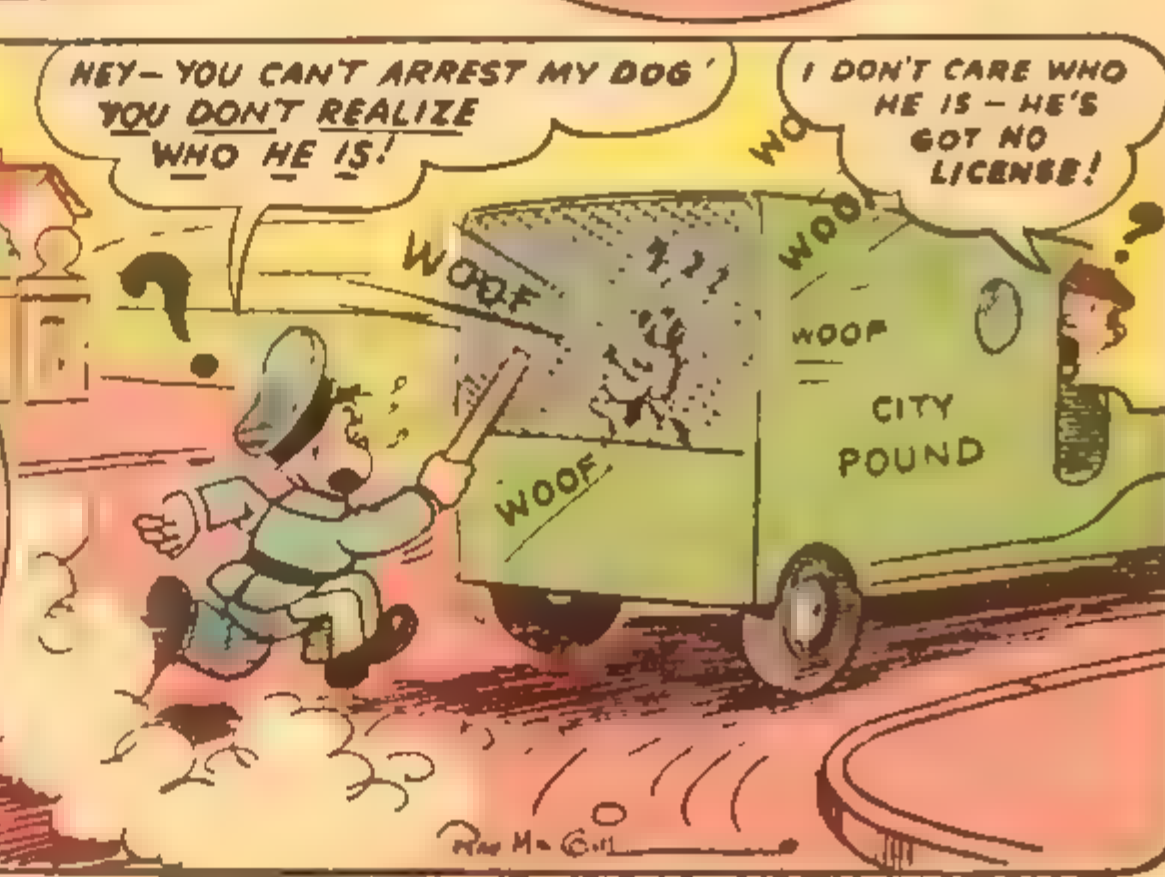
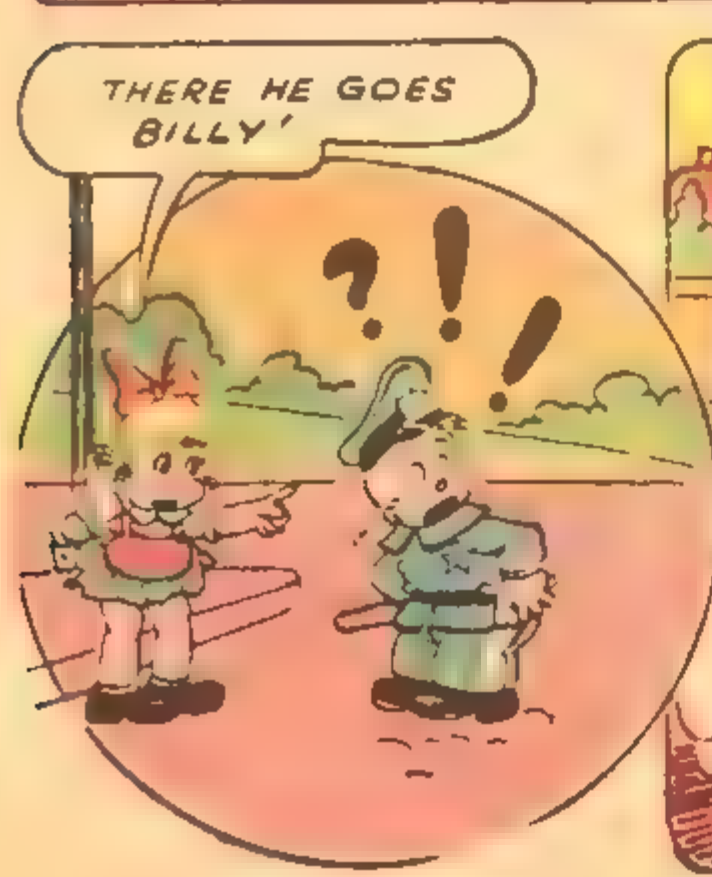
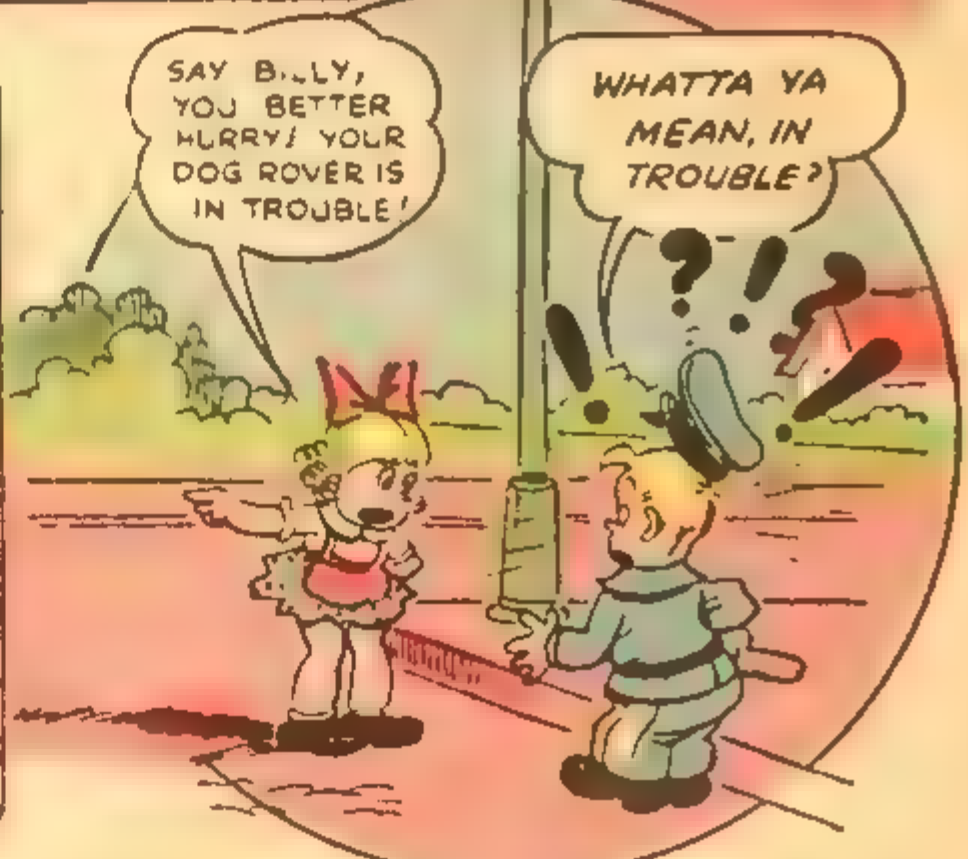
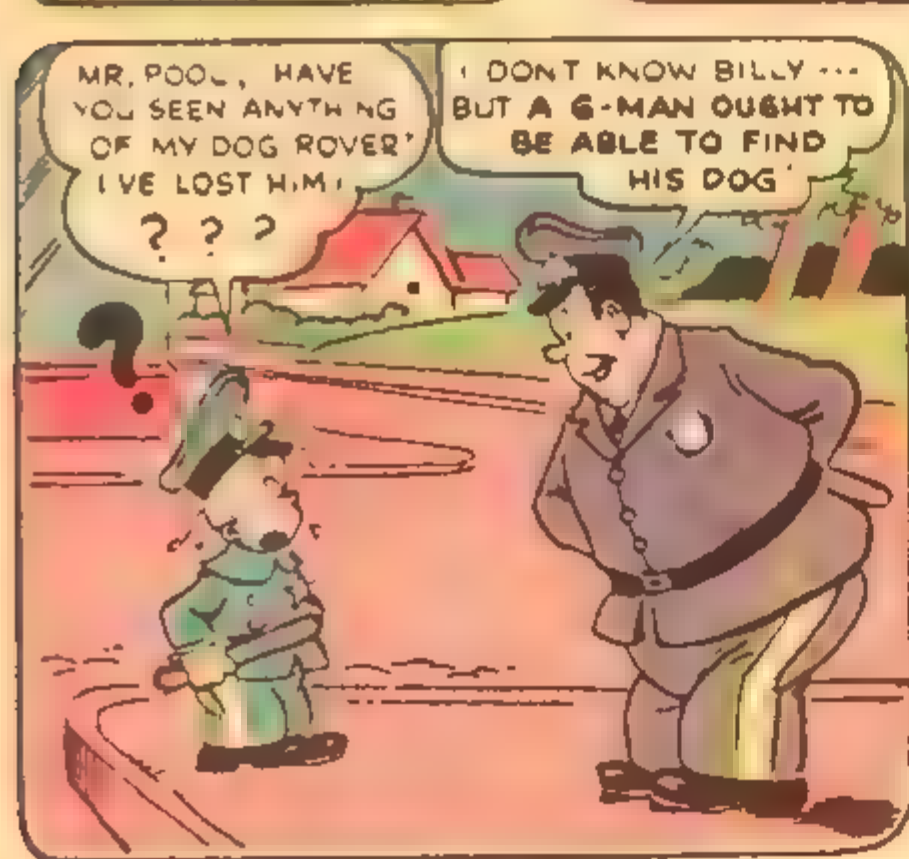
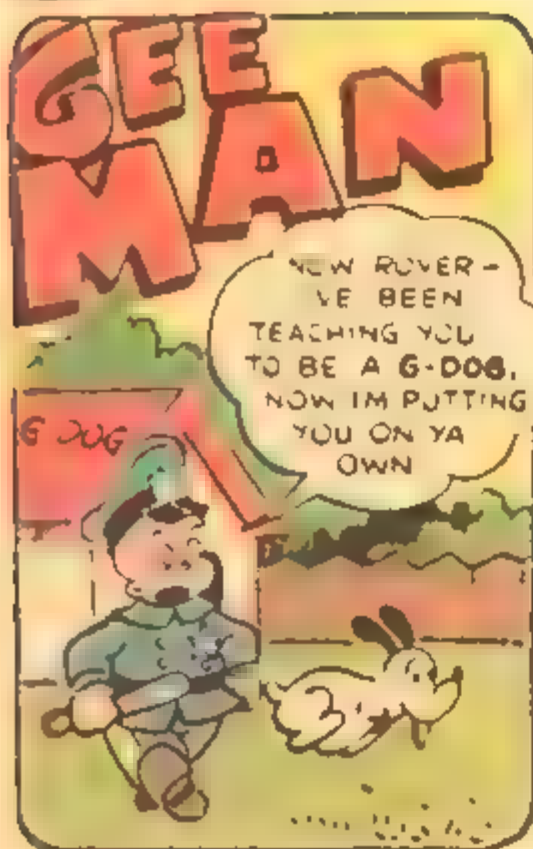
The proper handling of America's food supply can help shorten the war and write the peace. Don't be responsible for wasting an ounce of food!

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EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK





WESTERN INCIDENT

by Tex Palmer

THIS was the first Western trip for Jenkins. He was a novelties salesman, only in those days, salesmen were called drummers. If there had been anyone else in the company to send, Jenkins would not have gotten this assignment. He was a very nervous man, so nervous that he still couldn't believe the Indians no longer presented a threat to the new America, the West.

Jenkins hated this weather. It was hot and arid and now, in his hotel room, he felt as though he would never rid his throat, his clothes, or his boots of the alkali which caked all three. And the last thing he ever wanted to see again was flat plains. And cactus.

Sighing, Jenkins picked up his demonstration bag. His years of selling had made him resigned to his fate, but he had never figured anything like this would happen to him. He locked the door carefully behind him, after averting his eyes quickly so that the memory of the old four poster bed, the cracked pitcher and wash basin in the ancient hotel room wouldn't haunt him, and went downstairs.

In the hot, dusty street, the sun was dancing a rigadon. Jenkins blinked to keep the burning shafts out of his eyes. His bag, in a cooler climate ordinarily light, now felt like a couple of anvils. Perspiration began pouring down his face before he had gone twenty feet. His stiff collar wilted beneath his thin neck like some slowly-dying thing, and Jenkins' flaming eyes were twin lights set in a sea of gelatinous flesh.

Usually, Jenkins was the typical drummer. Today, he was anything but. He groaned, visualizing the rest of the towns he'd have to make in this seven

week selling tour, and from his baked lips poured invective aimed at the head of Towne, the regular representative for this territory, who had gone back East to have his appendix removed.

And it being Saturday afternoon didn't help. The hitching posts were crowded with horses, buckboards, and two-seaters. The rude board sidewalk was crowded with men, women, and children: boisterous cowhands, all set for an evening of enjoyment, tanned, thin cattlemen, in for the weekly supplies and bank deposits, wives and sweethearts, looking cool and assured in their calico gowns and bonnets, chatted gaily and looked in store windows.

Jenkins' lips curled in distaste. He had always been against the Government's policy of expanding this wilderness they called the West. Being a staunch Republican, he had even written his Congressman about it. "Giving away all this land," he had written, "will only bring in riff-raff. We've got plenty of territory now. We don't need more. The time is not yet ripe for expansion. I protest."

And he was a professional protestor, as can be seen.

The crowd was so thick, Jenkins had to fight his way along the board sidewalk. Cowboys in sharp, high heeled boots stepped on his toes. Other men jostled him until he was forced to navigate precariously on the outer edge of the planked thoroughfare. In this way, he failed to see the young boy nonchalantly whittling while seated in front of Ed Larkin's General Store.

Jenkins fell over him.

Dust settled around him like a thundercloud. He looked up.

The boy, his face angry, was standing over him. The lad's fists were clenched. "Why don't you look where you're going, you . . . you dade!"

Too dazed to reply, Jenkins remained silent for a moment. People began gathering around him, laughing and cat-calling.

Jenkins got painfully to his feet, his blood boiling. His eyes rested angrily on the lad's face, then shifted. There was something in the boy's face that stopped Jenkins from saying what he wanted to. He had wanted to say, "Why you dirty little guttersnipe," and then box the kid's ears.

He didn't. Instead, he said: "I'm sorry, son. I hope I didn't hurt you."

The boy looked him over coolly. It was an impudent stare, almost mocking. "You didn't," he said. "Okay, mister."

Without another word, he resumed his whittling and Jenkins, the laughter of the crowd still ringing in his burning ears, fled into the coolness of the General Store.

Larkin was busy with the Saturday afternoon rush. Jenkins seated himself on an unopened crate of oranges and fanned himself vigorously with his hat. The coolness of the store brought back his good nature somewhat and he began to feel pleased with himself. He was glad he hadn't gotten into an argument with that fresh kid outside. There was no telling what those roistering cowboys might have done. After all, this was the wild and woolly West.

But, Jenkins had to admit to himself, it didn't look so wild here in this General Store. And the way the rancher's wives were bargaining didn't make them look so woolly, either. They were a shrewd and healthy lot.

A clerk came over. "The Boss is going to be busy another hour, stranger. Most of these customers are his personal friends, and he likes to tend to them himself. Now maybe you'd like me to look over your stuff. Big Ed says it's okay I do a lot of the buying for him. Name's Brown."

"Sure" Jenkins smiled, opened his sample case. It was filled with novelties, such as imitation French powderpuffs, some of the new-fangled hairnets, silk stockings, bright colored necklaces, a popular-priced line of razors. "There they are," he said. "Everything for young and old, something for everyone, from Grandpappy to the kiddies." His sales talk bubbled on as the delighted clerk studied each new item.

The clerk looked up, puzzled. "I don't see anything for the kiddies," he said. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, excuse me." Jenkins lifted the lower layer of his sample case. "Here."

The clerk gasped. "Guns?" His bright blue eyes stared in wonderment at the sleek-looking array of revolvers.

Jenkins fairly beamed with delight. Well, here was something these cowboys didn't know! There was a water bucket standing nearby and, while the amazed clerk watched, Jenkins, revelling in this moment, immersed one of the guns into the pail.

Then he whirled. The clerk cowered as the gun muzzle swung toward him. "Hey, be careful with that thing," he gasped. "Want to blow my head off?"

Jenkins' face was suffused with laughter. The clerk's cries had commanded the attention of everyone in the store and that, Jenkins decided, called for super-salesmanship.

A stream of water issued forth as Jenkins pulled the trigger.

The clerk leaped back, sank weakly against some bolts of calico. "What . . . what is it?" he asked.

Jenkins looked around the store. The busy Ed Larkin, tall and grave-faced, had stopped his measuring of sugar and now, ladle in hand, he came over.

"It's the newest toy in the East," Jenkins said. "A water pistol. The kids there love 'em." He was the professional salesman and demonstrator now, holding his audience in the palm of his hand. "And for the protection of women against stray, perhaps wild dogs," he lectured, "this handy little weapon can be filled with ammonia. It's also a protection against tramps. With it, a woman can walk unfraid through the streets. She . . ."

He stopped, dismayed. Now that the first novelty of the gun had worn off, the customers were deliberately turning their backs on him. Jenkins blinked. He couldn't understand this. What was the matter with these people, didn't they have children? Weren't the women afraid to walk the streets unaccompanied?

For a moment, he looked pitiful, and Ed Larkin, being a kindly man, stopped his work long enough to explain. "You see, Mister," he said. "That's a toy. And folks around here just don't think of guns as toys. They're as necessary as food—and there's no fooling around about a gun." The corners of his lips turned up in a faint grin. "And you'll probably find our women can more than take care of themselves."

But by now, Jenkins had recovered his composure. He remembered that the General Manager had been especially emphatic about this novelty. Probably because he had overbought himself for the East. "I expect you to get rid of a lot of them in the West," Jenkins had been told. "And I know you won't fail me."

Perhaps that's why Jenkins, at this moment, courted disaster. He turned, seeing for the first time, the young lad who had been whittling outside the store. The boy had come in for

a drink of water as Jenkins had begun the demonstration. He had watched it gravely.

Now, Jenkins turned to him. Why, there wasn't a kid in the East didn't want a pistol like this. He beamed at the boy. "Son," he boomed "What would you say if I gave you this handy little water pistol?" His eyes searched the boy's face, waiting for a joyous light to appear. He was disappointed. And stunned.

"Mister," the boy said. "When I get me a gun, I don't aim for it to be a toy. Besides," his upper lip curled, "you can keep it."

The clerk, standing beside Jenkins and Larkin, laughed. A quick, bright flash of anger struck at Jenkins. "Why, you impudent little guttersnipe," he said. "If I were your father, and you showed manners like this, I'd . . ."

"You'd what, Mister?" The boy stood fast, and his eyes, now twin slits, bored into Jenkins' face.

Jenkins felt a sudden chill go through him. He had never seen eyes like these. They looked almost like a . . . a . . . why, like a killer's eyes were supposed to look, the way they were written about in Western stories.

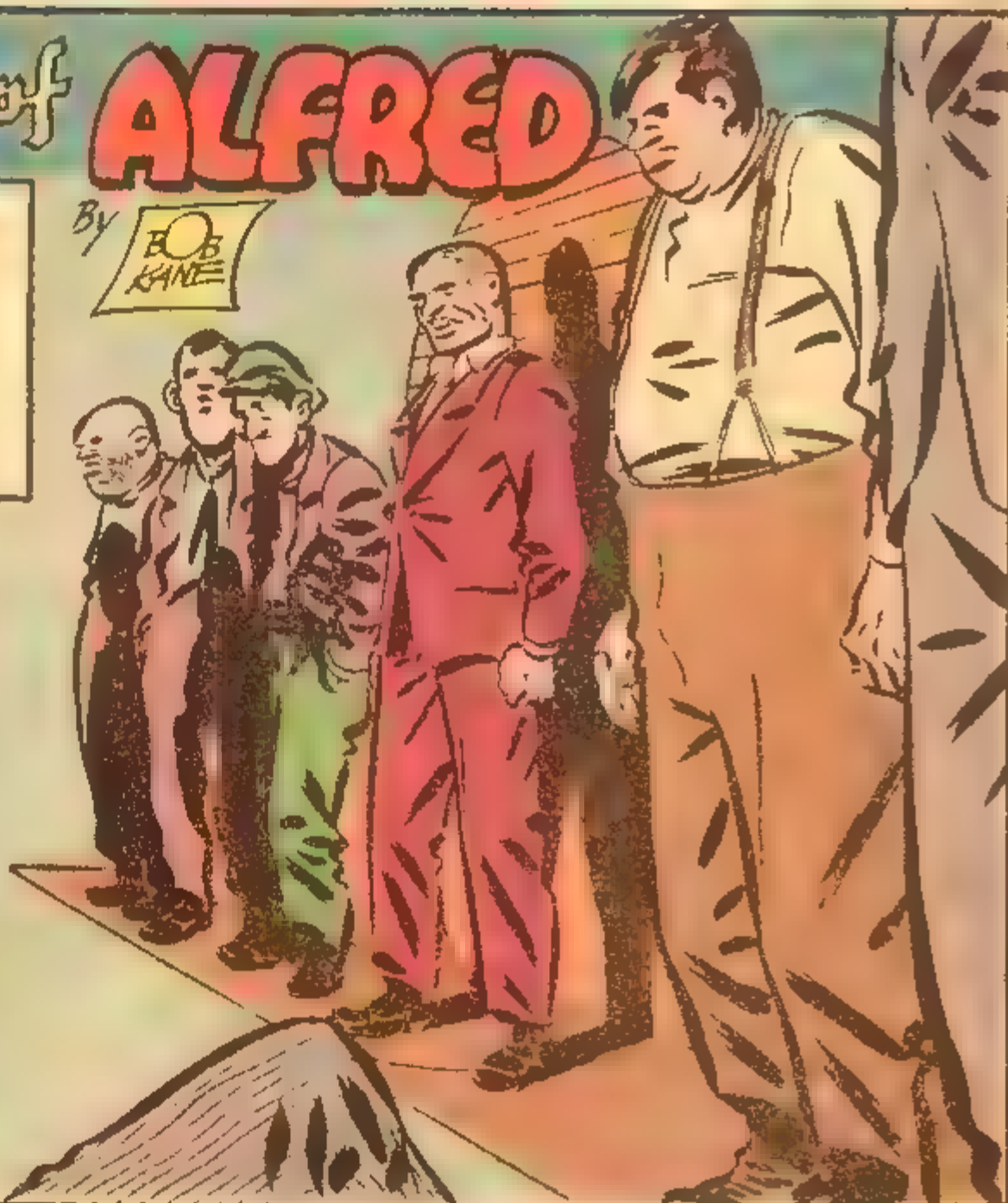
Larkin broke the spell. His long arm reached out, grasped the boy at the scruff of the neck and sent the thin body reeling out the door. It landed in a cloud of dust.

The storekeeper's voice was apologetic. He liked this town and its people, and wanted it and they to make a good impression on strangers, even drummers. "You mustn't think all our boys are like him, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "We got some mighty fine boys in this town." He turned to the clerk. "Remind me, Brownie," he said, "to talk to Sheriff Garrett about that young Bonney kid. He's gettin' too big for his britches." He snorted. "Billy the Kid, he calls himself now." Righteously, he added: "Somebody ought to give him a fanning."

The Adventures of ALFRED

THE UNDERWORLD TREMBLES...
CROOKS SCURRY FOR COVER...
FOR HERE COMES ALFRED
AGAIN - YOUR FAVORITE
BUTLER-DETECTIVE ON
HIS OWN IN...
"POLICE LINE-UP!"

By **BOB KANE**



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A
PITILESS WHITE SPOTLIGHT PICKS
OUT THE SINISTER FEATURES OF
CRIME'S CHOICEST SPECIMENS!

TOOTS
ROLLSTON, ACCUSED
OF LARCENY...
TAKE A GOOD
LOOK AT HIM,
BOYS!

HE SHOULD
BE EASY TO
REMEMBER!
HE'S THE VERY
IMAGE OF THE
HORSE THAT WON
THE DERBY FOUR
YEARS AGO!



WHAT IS ALFRED DOING HERE,
WATCHING THE POLICE LINE-UP?
HE'S PERFECTING HIMSELF, DEAR
READER, IN THE ART OF DETEC-
TION! GOOD DETECTIVES MUST BE
ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ENEMIES OF
THE UNDERWORLD... AND THROUGH
BRUCE WAYNE'S INFLUENCE WITH
COMMISSIONER GORDON, ALFRED
HAS BEEN GIVEN THIS OPPOR-
TUNITY TO OBSERVE THEM!



MY WORD... I NEVER
SUSPECTED SO MANY CRIMINALS
ARE PICKED UP EACH DAY! AND
I MUST REMEMBER ALL THEIR
FACES, OR I'LL NEVER RIVAL
BATMAN AS A DETECTIVE!



THAT NIGHT, SINISTER FEATURES PERFORM A WITCHES' DANCE, AS ALFRED TOSSES IN RESTLESS SLUMBER!

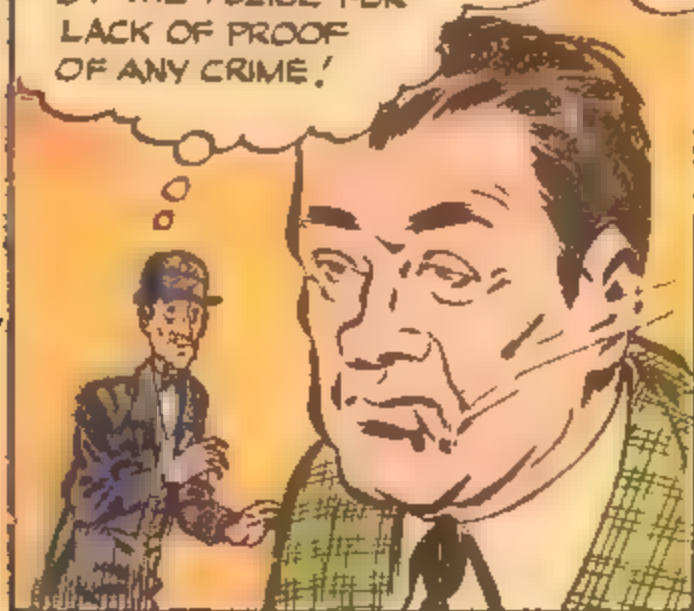


AND THE CONFUSION CARRIES OVER INTO THE NEXT DAY...



UNEXPECTEDLY...

MY WORD... THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW! HE MUST HAVE BEEN RELEASED BY THE POLICE FOR LACK OF PROOF OF ANY CRIME!

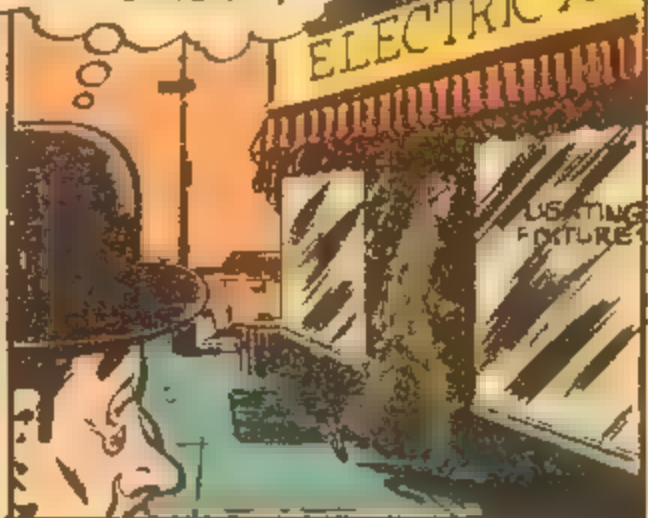


BUT PERHAPS I MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! I'LL SHADOW HIM!



AND ALFRED CLINGS TO THE TRAIL LIKE A LEECH!

HE MAY BE STEPPING IN FOR A MERE MATTER OF MOMENTS! I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE!



BUT AS TIME PASSES...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, THIS MAY BE A HIDEOUT! I'LL SEE IF WHAT'S INSIDE CAN THROW A BIT OF LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!

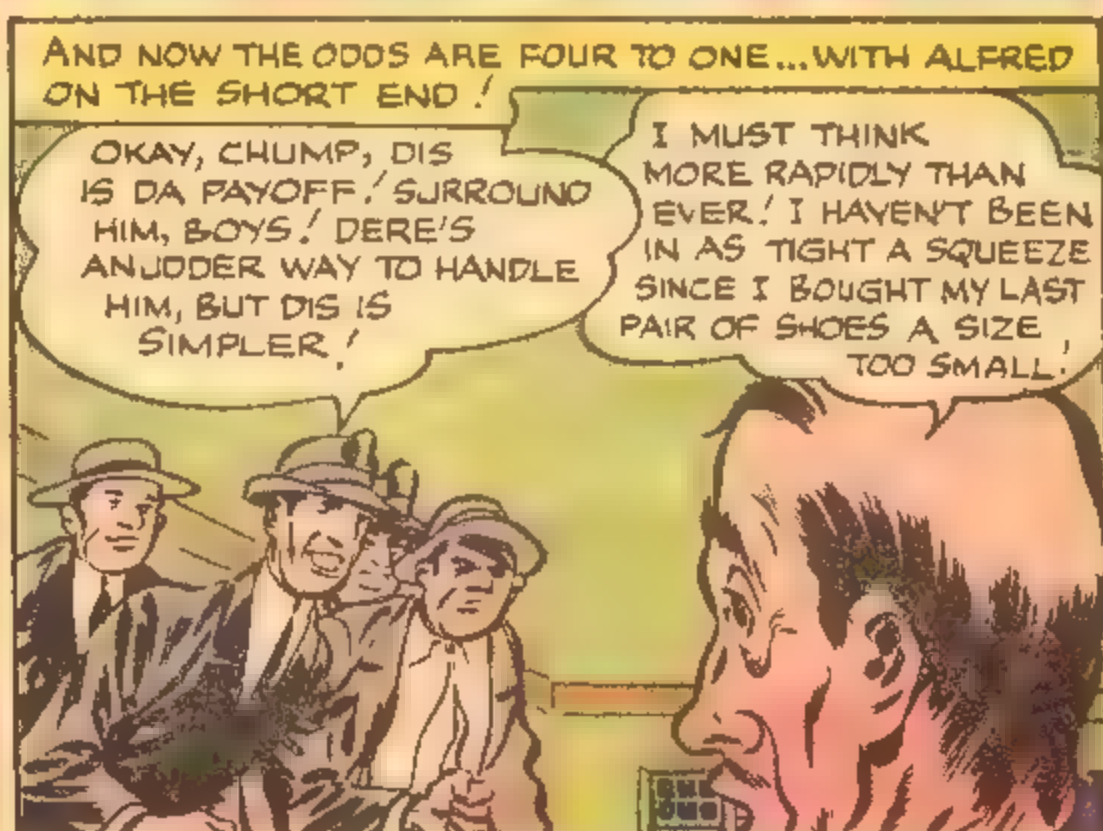
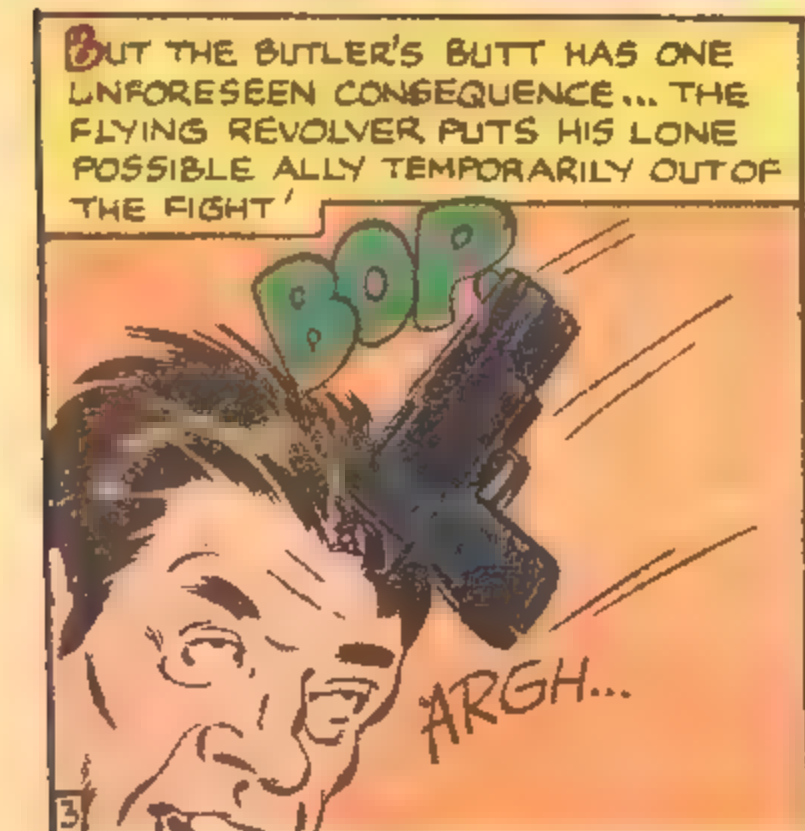
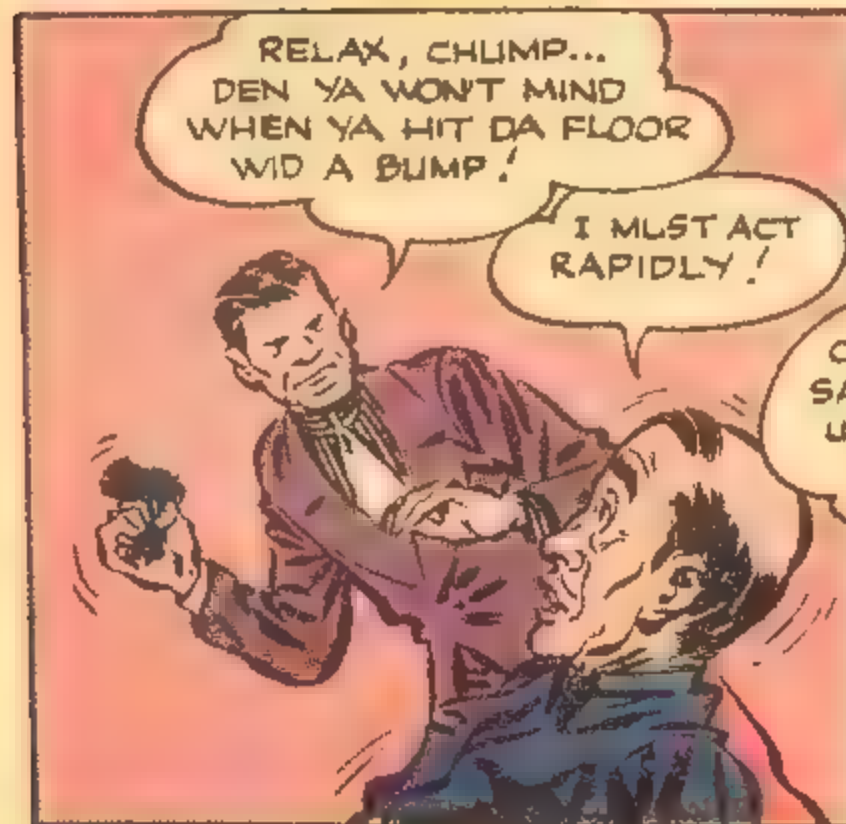
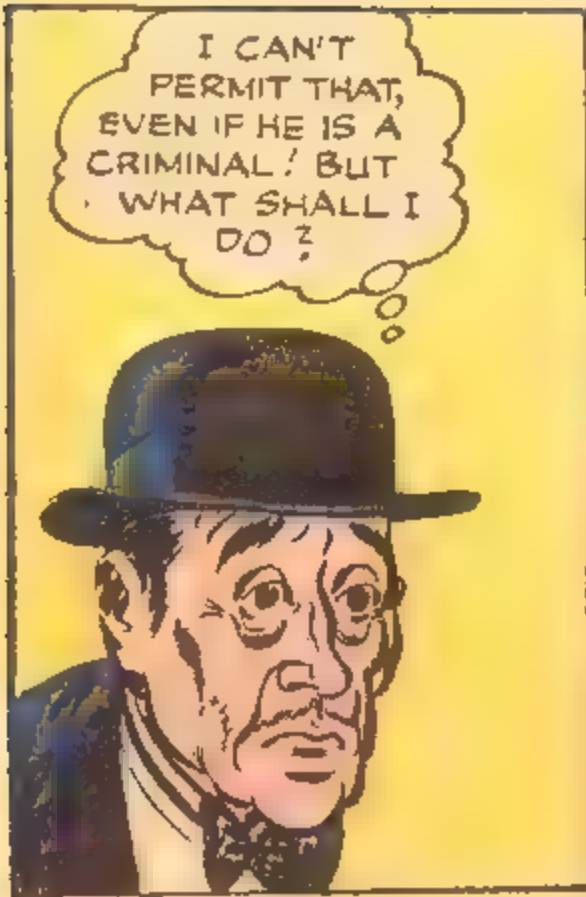
WALK IN

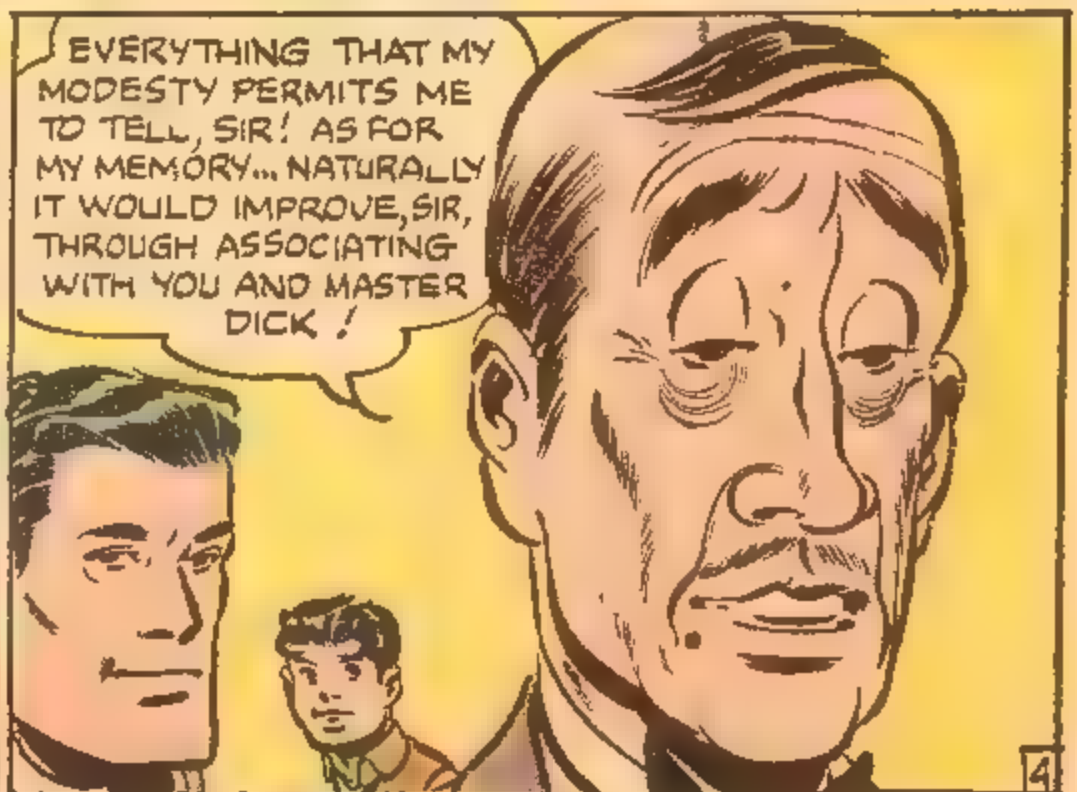
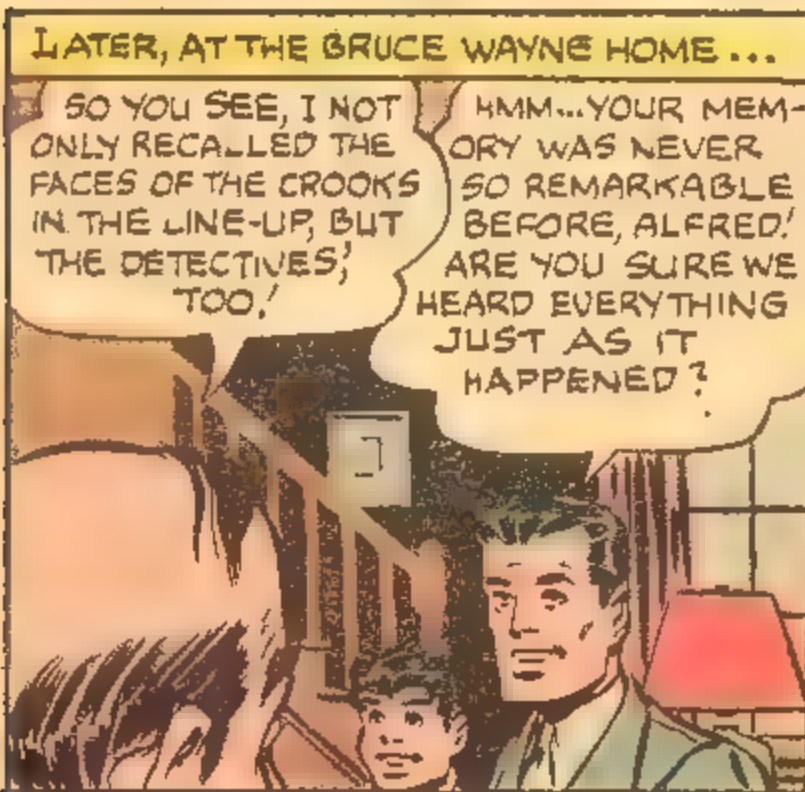
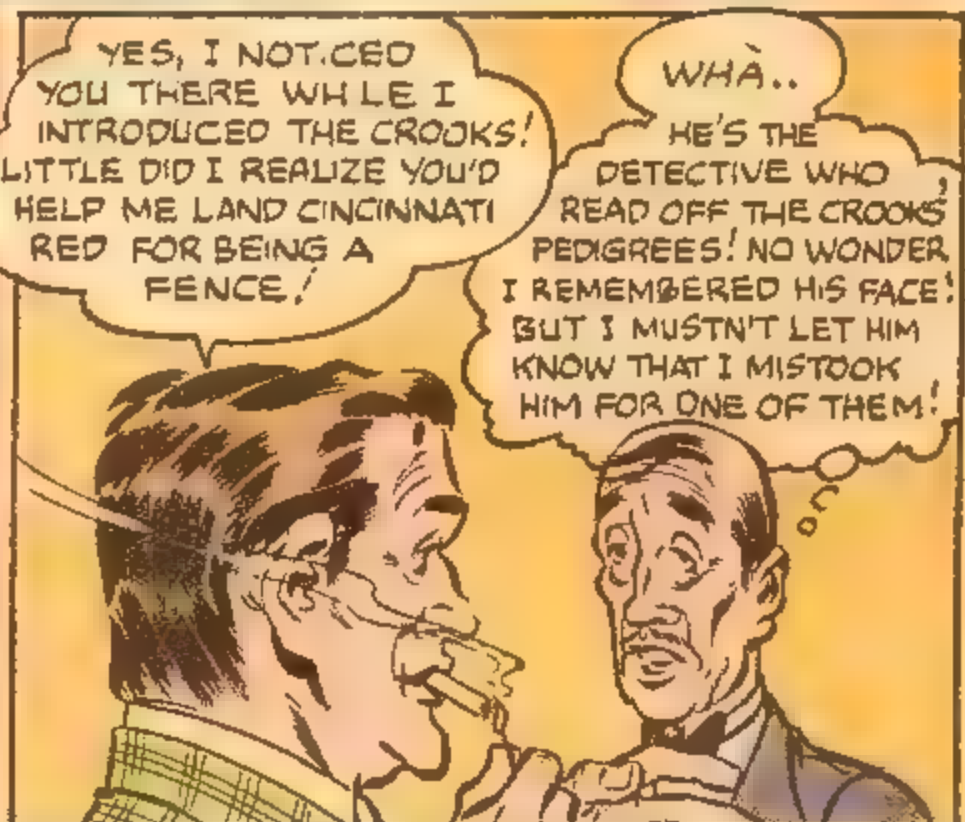
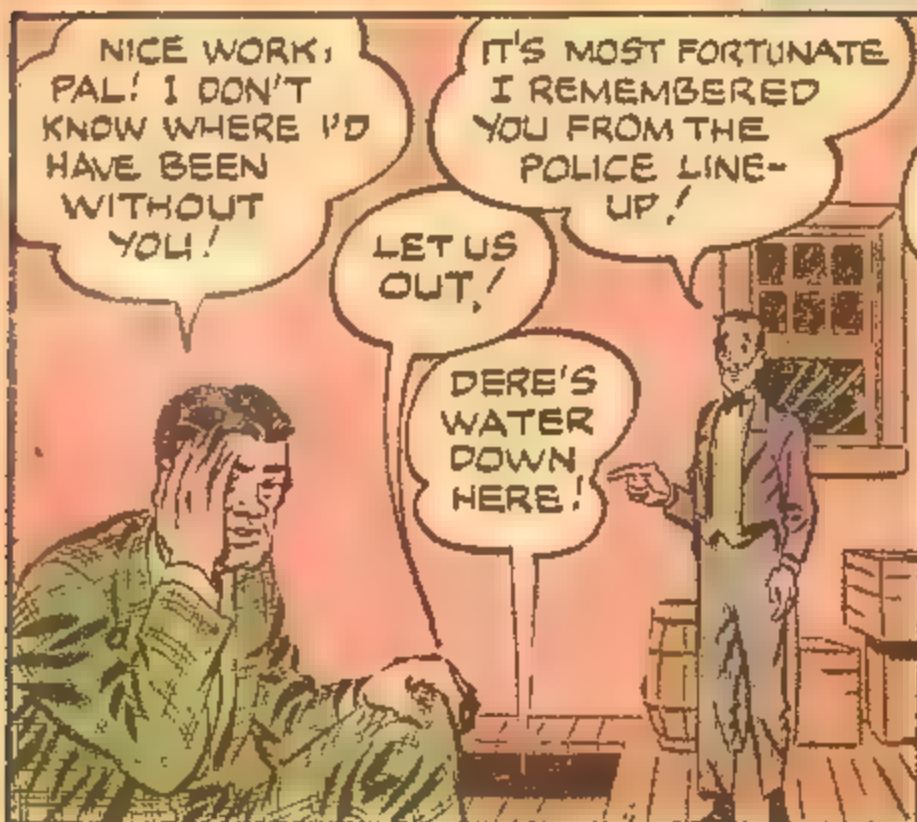
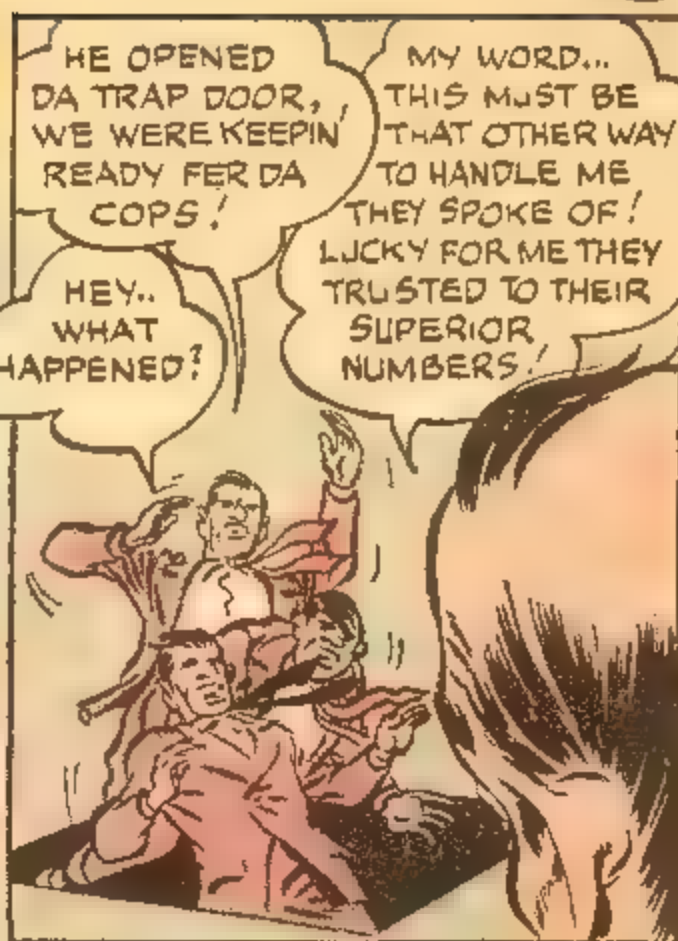


I DIDN'T EXPECT YA HERE, CHUM... BUT I'M SURE GLAD YA SHOWED UP! I GOT SOME LEAD SLUGS WAITIN' FOR YA!

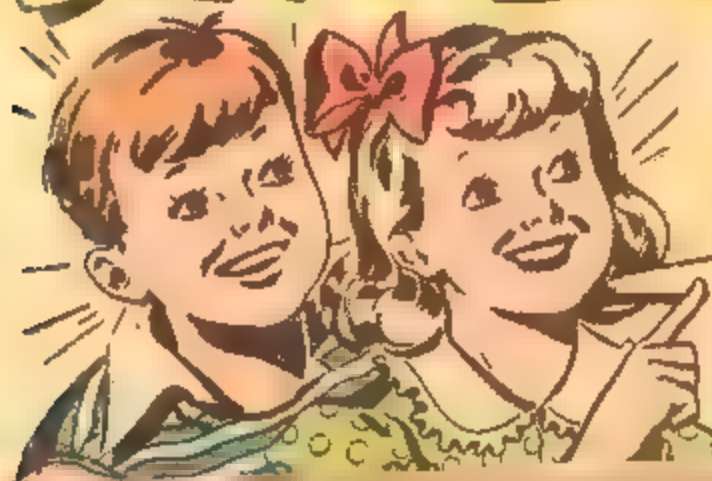
BY JOVE... HE'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM!







Save Bags FROM Popsicle® CREAMSICLE® Fudgicle®



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS!
SWELL **FREE GIFTS** FOR YOU

OTHER GIFTS FOR BAGS

For 350 Bags or 50¢ and 100 Bags

- #115 COMPLETE BOWLING GAME
- #133 CARTOON INSTRUCTION BOOK
- #233 KHAKI TOILET KIT
- #136 9-PC. MANICURE SET

For 200 Bags or 25¢ and 100 Bags

- #126 INDOOR BASEBALL
- #161 "CAMERA" PENCIL BOX
- #163 PISTOL & HOLSTER
- #171 SLIDE POCKET KNIFE
- #146 FLASHLIGHT
- #173 MEXICAN NOVELTY NECKLACE
- #149 3-PC. PERFUME SET
- #175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

For 100 Bags or 10¢ and 50 Bags

- #135 FIRST AID KIT
- #125 PIN-UP PICTURES & PUZZLES

For 50 Bags or 5¢ and 25 Bags

- #144 GAME & PUZZLE PACKAGE
- #263-282 FOREIGN POSTAGE PACKETS

AND MANY OTHERS



WAR SAVINGS STAMPS In such cases where we can not supply you with the premiums you select, we reserve the right to substitute one 10¢ U. S. War Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.

It's easy! Every time you buy a "POPSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," or "FUDGICLE" at your ice cream store, Save the bags! Pretty soon you'll have enough bags from these delicious frozen confections on-a-stick to get the free gifts you want!

Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN



Big back-sack gun, 24 1/2 inches long! Sounds like a real 'Lattle'! Has swivel-lead stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood, harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118... 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Rocket Type CATAPLANE



Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors. Premium #152... 101 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.



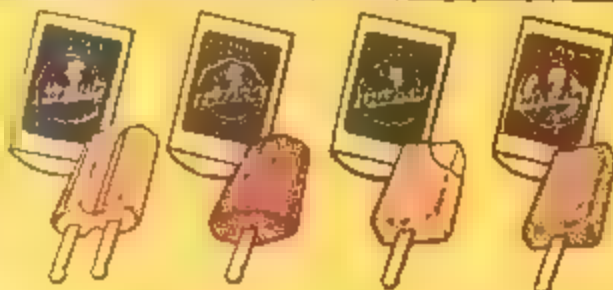
Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G-Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #174... 250 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



MYSTIC WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE

Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! It spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147... 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



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Saving Bags
Today!

SEND BAGS TO "POPSICLE" SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Nearest Address)

NEW YORK, N. Y. 601 W. 26th Street
CHICAGO, ILL. 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 2744 E. 11th Street
ATLANTA, GA. 328 Elizabeth St., N. E.

When you have the required number of bags for the Free Gift you desire, send them to the nearest "POPSICLE" Service Department. Ask your ice cream dealer for complete new gift list today!

The above offer is void and is not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945

BATMAN

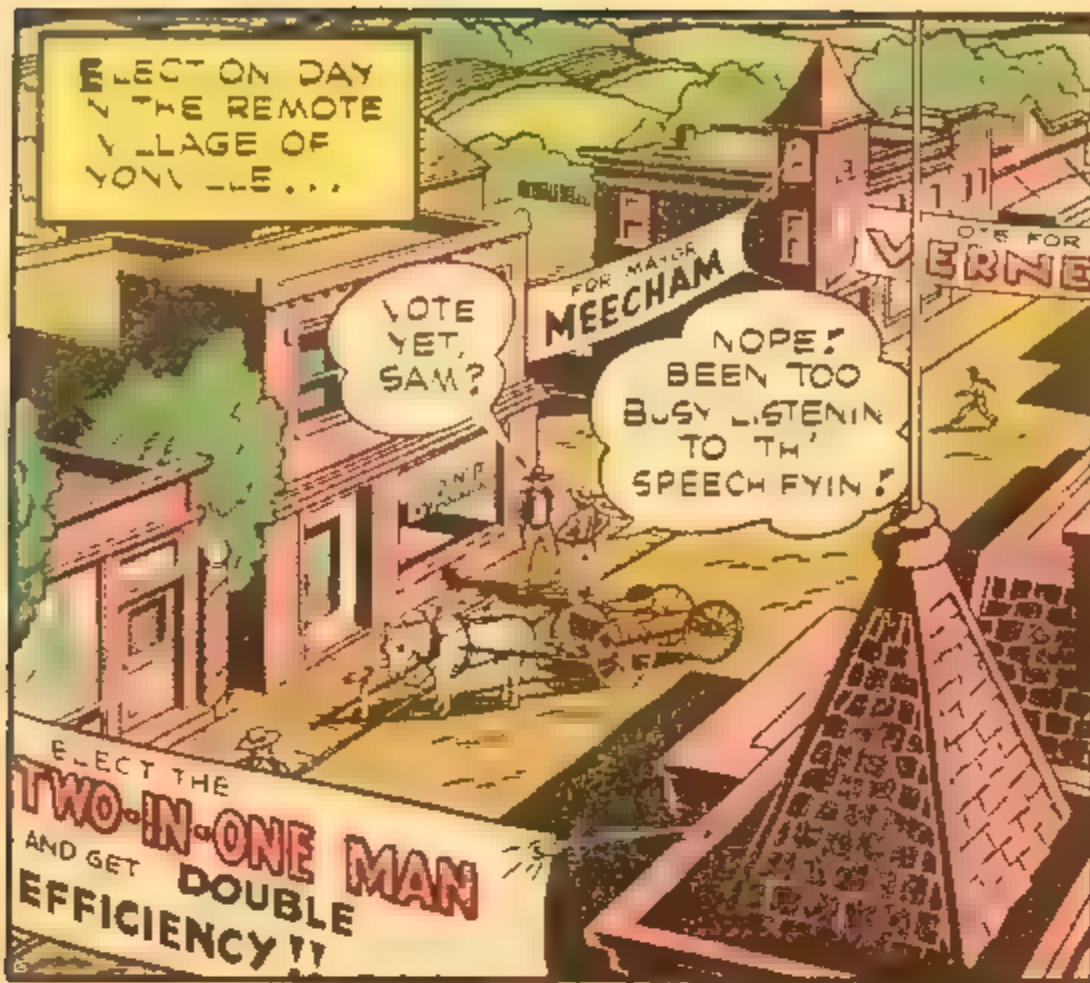
WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

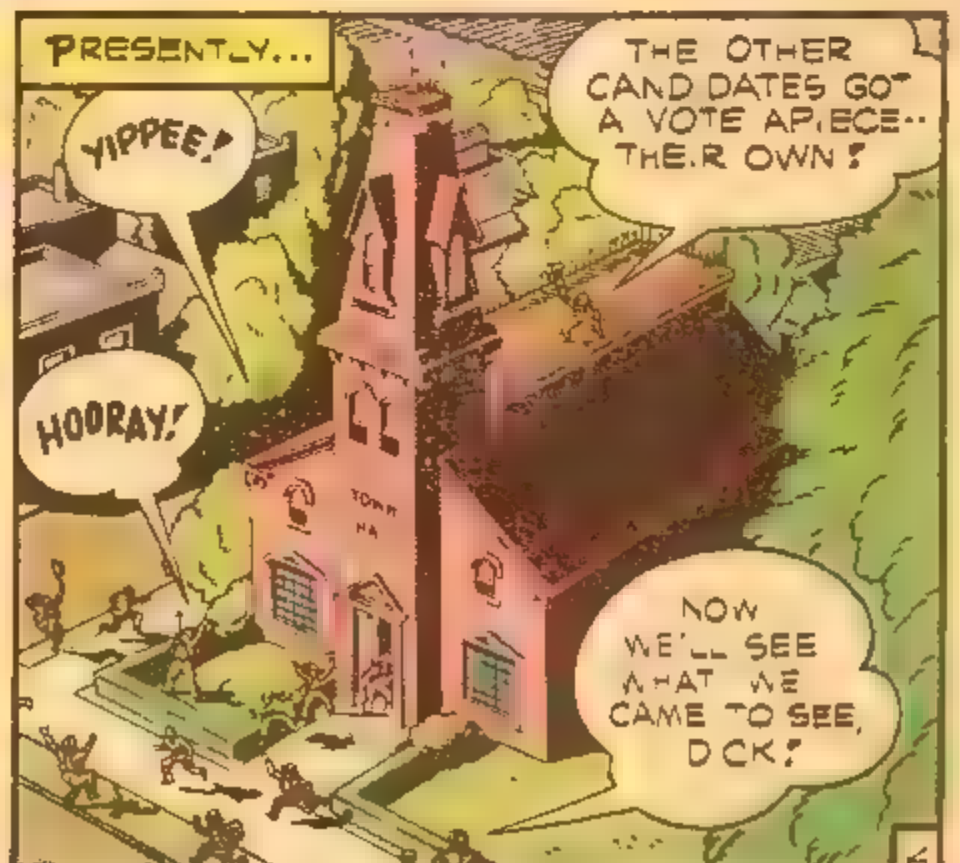
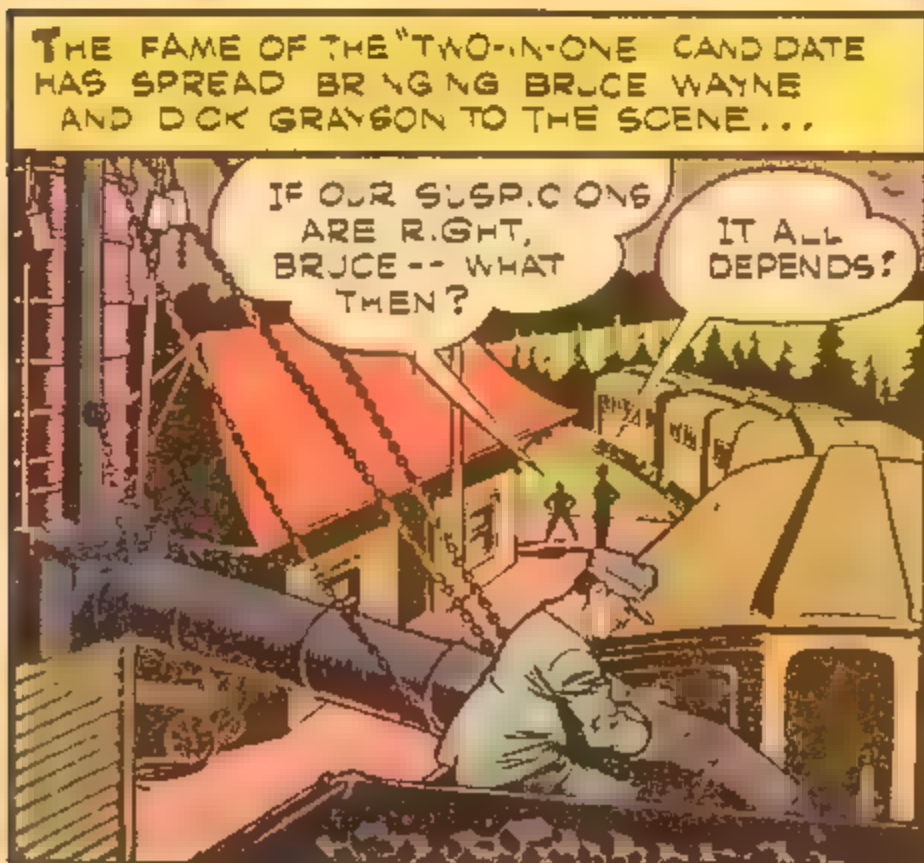
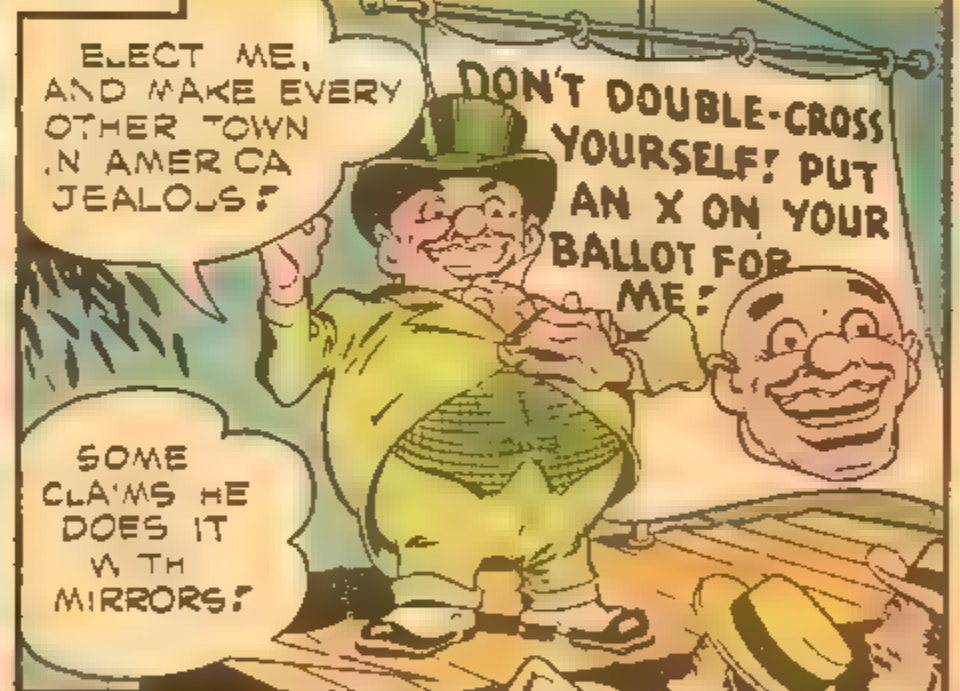
BOB
KANE

THOSE STANCH DEFENDERS OF THE LAW, TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE APPREHEND BATMAN AND ROBIN IN FLAGRANT MISDEEDS--AND CLAD THEM INTO CUFFS--FOR A T... NO, WERE NOT ALL WHEELED OFF--FOR A T... SCRAMBLED TO THE TWO ROTUND ROGUES--ONCE VERSABLE VILLAINS--REPUTATE THE B... HANGS... BUT AMERGAS ACE CRIME-SMASHERS KNOW FULL WELL THAT ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GITTERS--AND STEEL BARS CANNOT KEEP THEM BLASTING EGGS FROM ENTERING IN THE FATEFUL DAY OF RECKONING FOR.

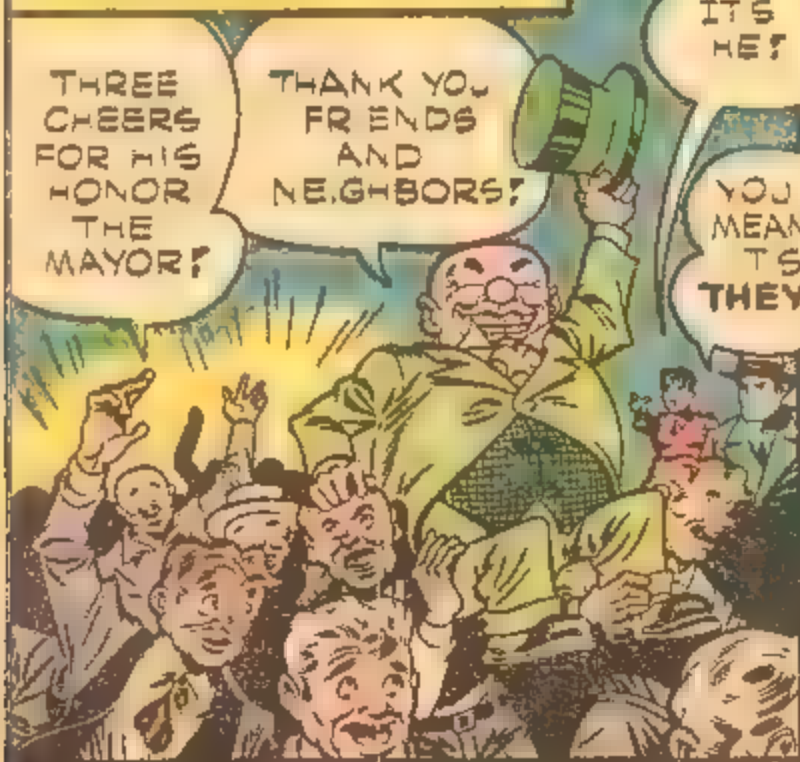
THE **MAYORS**
OF YONTVILLE!



INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, TWO BLOCKS AWAY...



THE CONQUERING HERO!



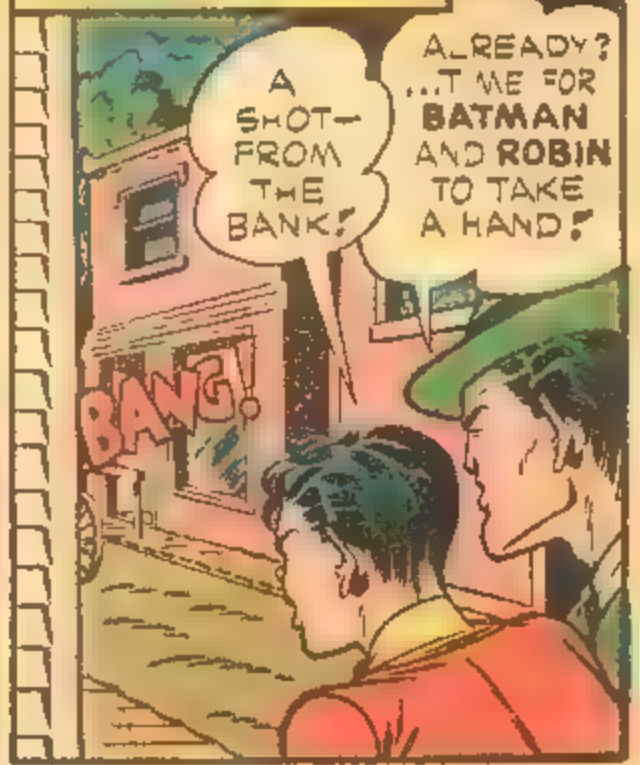
NOR ARE BRUCE AND DICK THE ONLY STRANGERS IN TOWN.

HE'S WON LOU! LET'S ROB DA BANK TA CELEBRATE!

OKAY, SPEAK WITH M BOSS N' TINGS, WE GOT NO WORRIES!



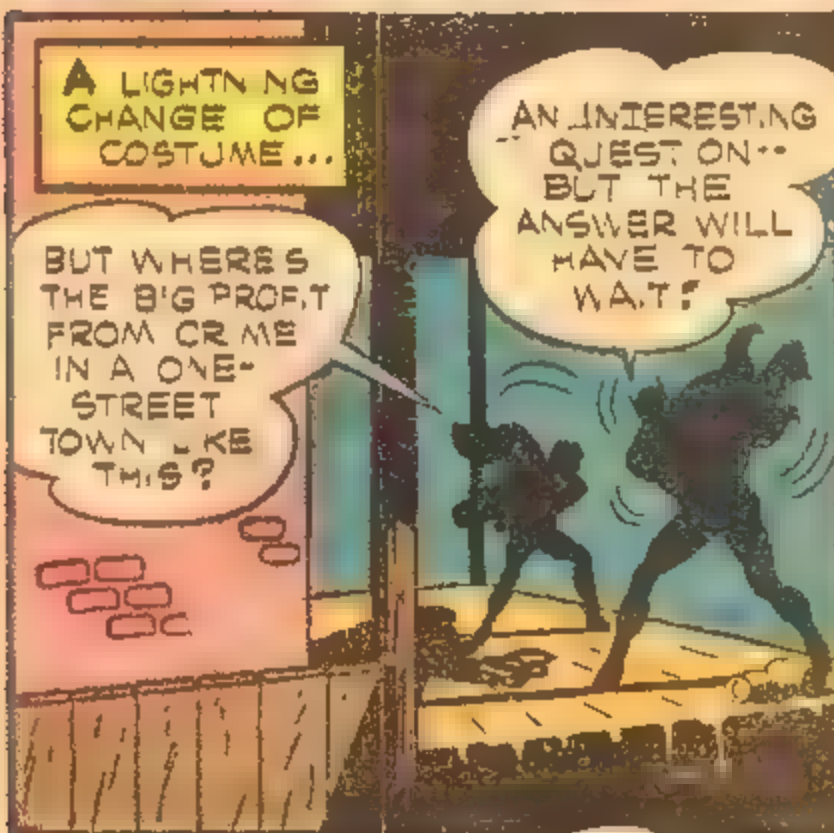
MOMENTS LATER...



A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME...

BUT WHERE'S THE BIG PROFIT FROM CRIME IN A ONE-STREET TOWN LIKE THIS?

AN INTERESTING QUESTION-- BUT THE ANSWER WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

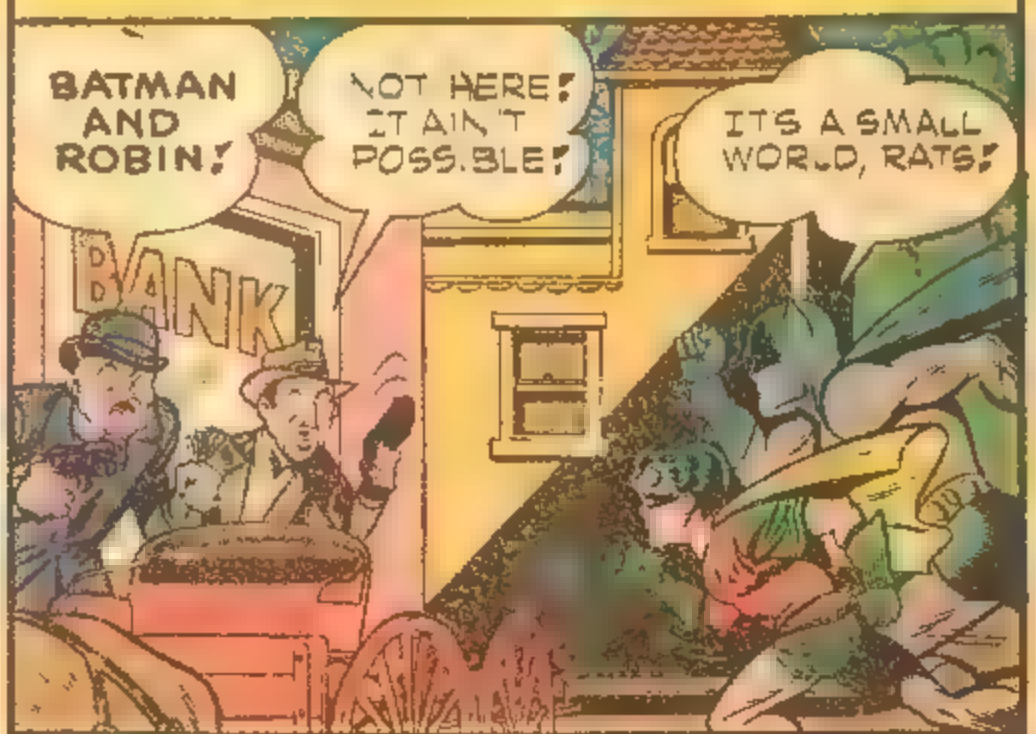


AND A WORLD-FAMOUS FIGHTING TEAM FLASHES INTO ACTION!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NOT HERE! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

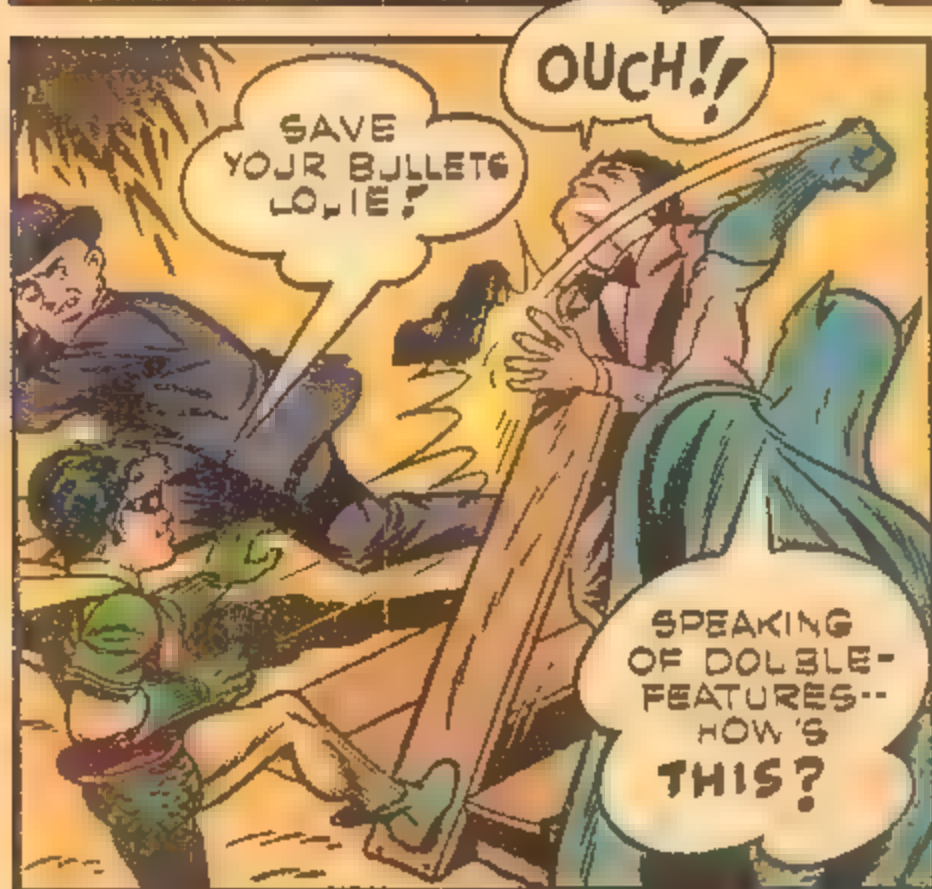
IT'S A SMALL WORLD, RATS!



OUCH!!

SAVE YOUR BULLETS, LOU!

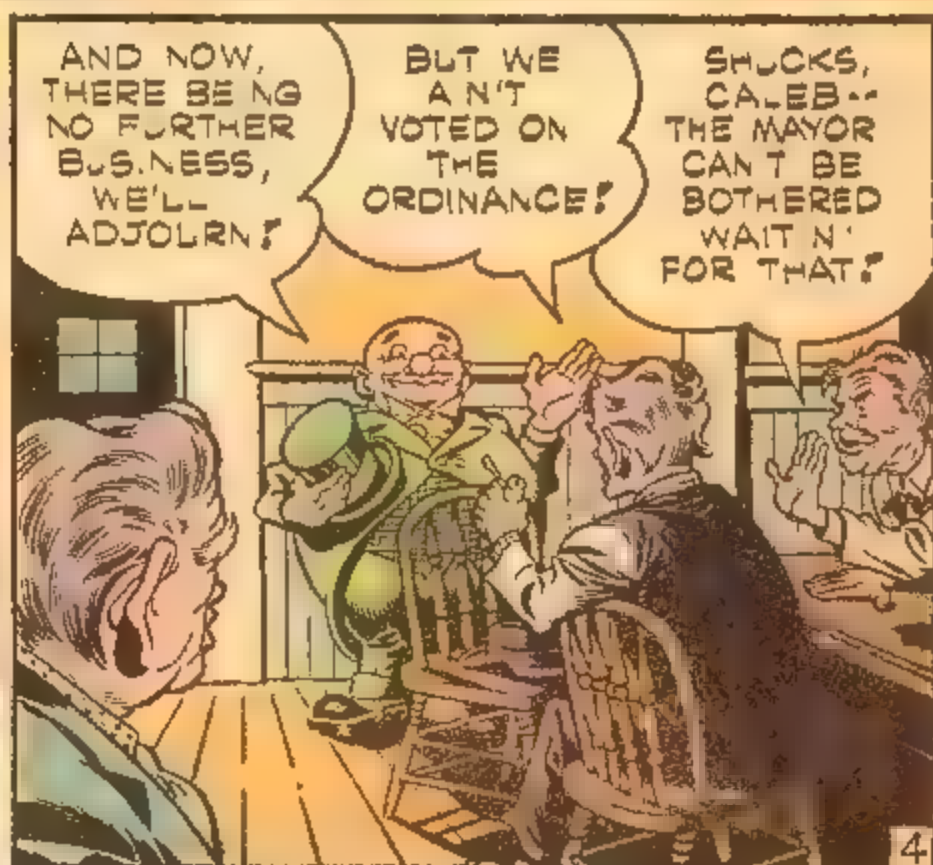
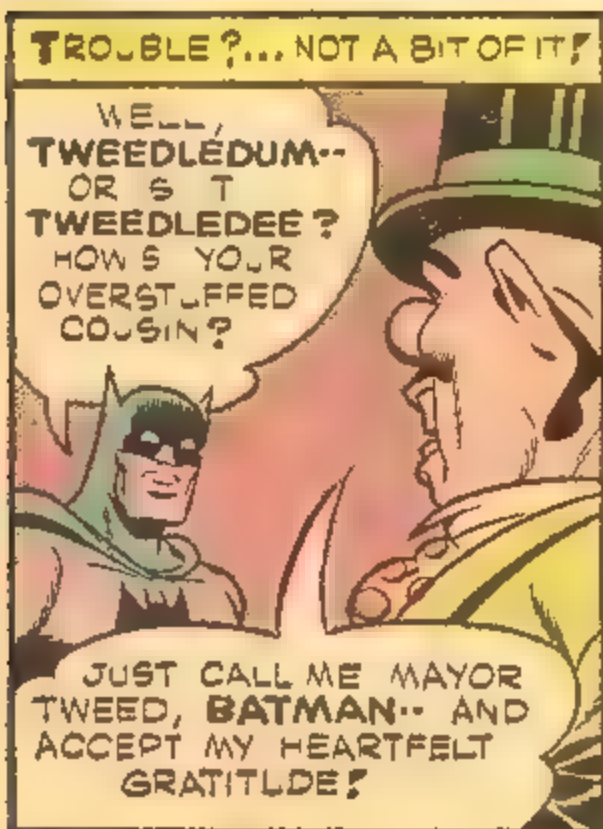
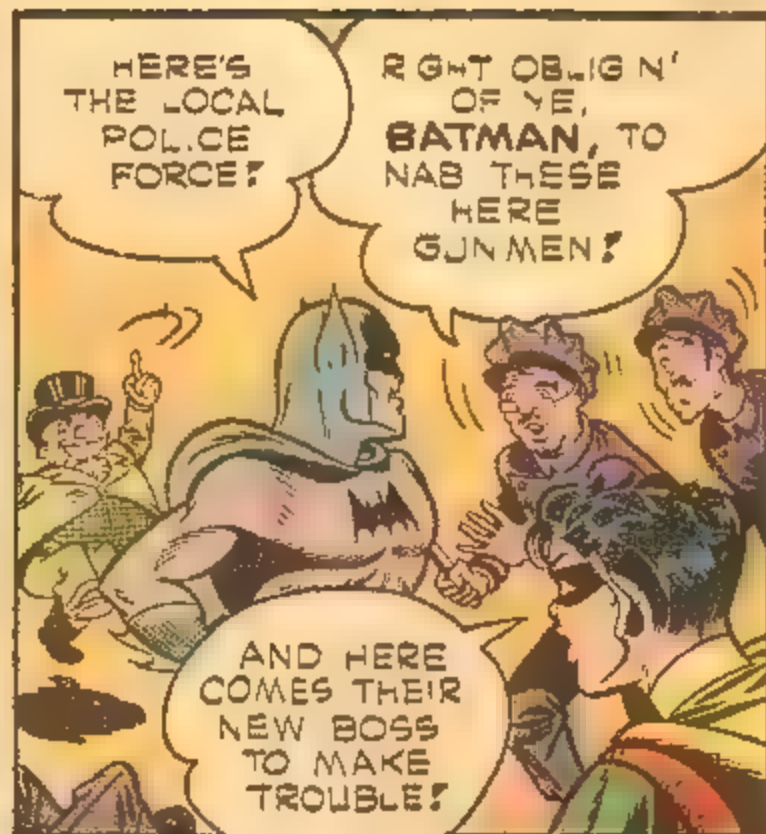
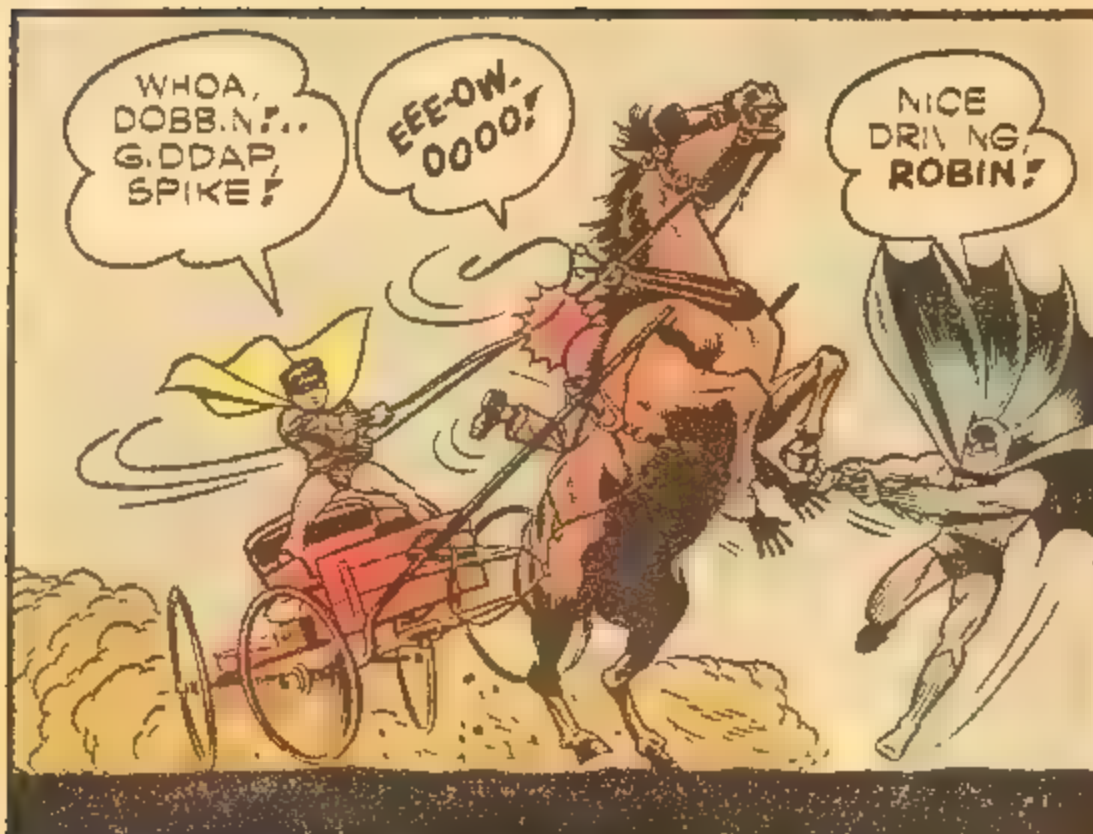
SPEAKING OF DOUBLE-FEATURES-- HOW'S THIS?



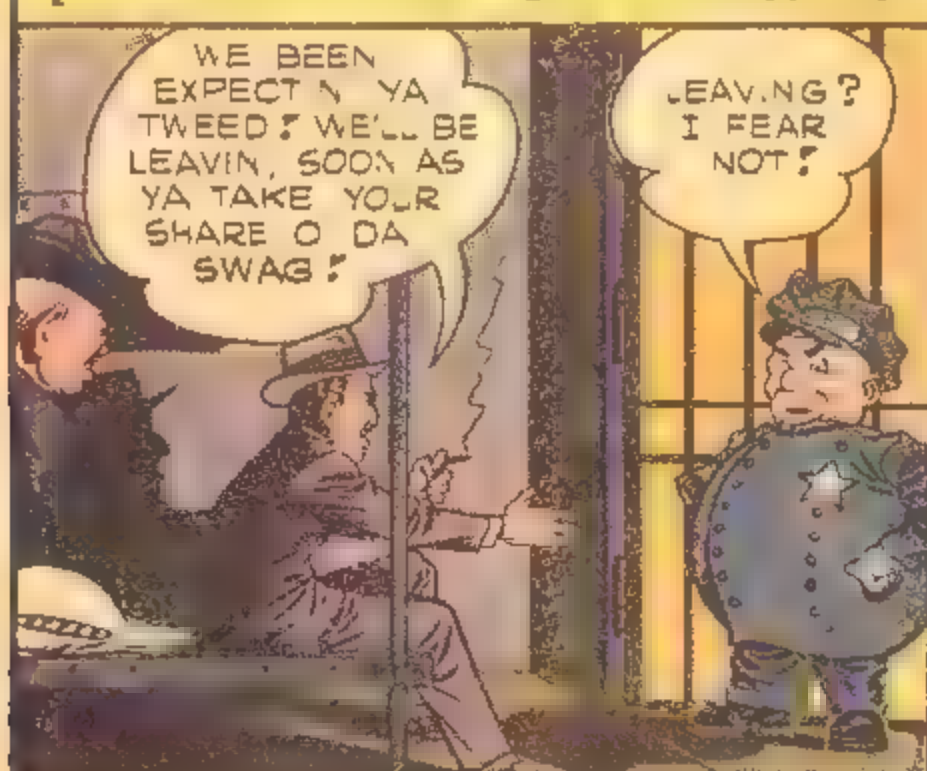
I'M GETTING IN!

I'M GETTING OUT!



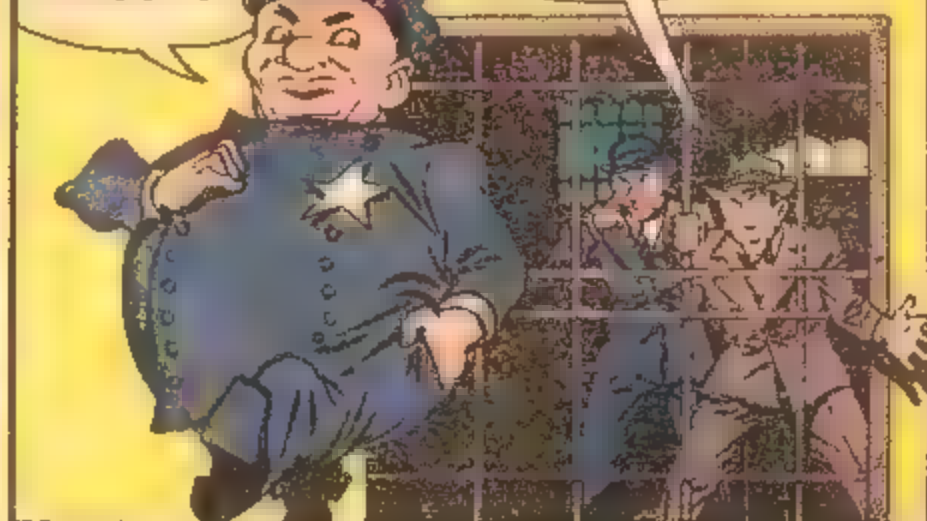


THE CHIEF OF POLICE VISITS HIS PRISONERS.

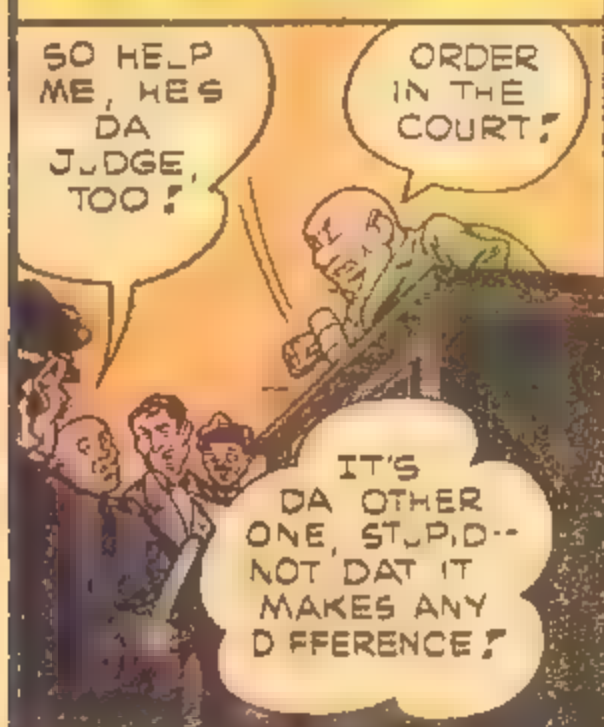


YOU CROOKS HAVE BROKEN THE LAW-- AND YOL'RE GOING TO PRISON!

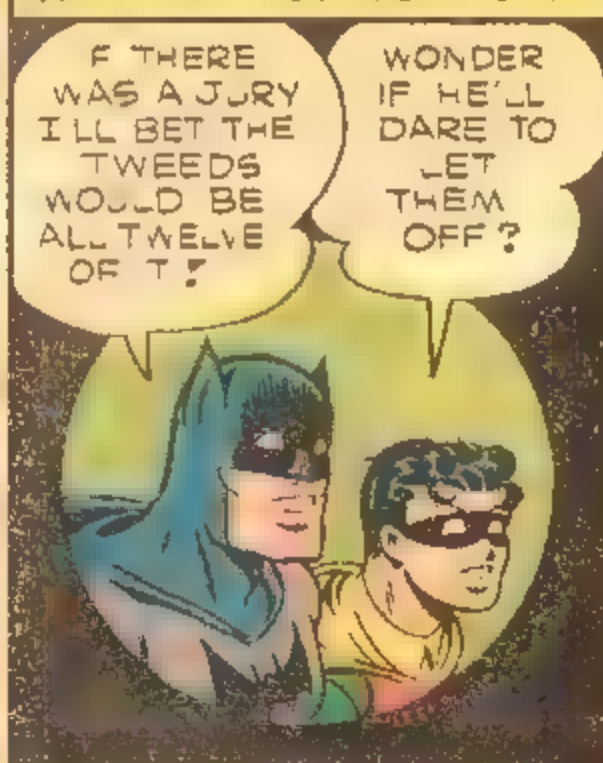
BUT TWEEDLEDUM AN TWEEDLEDEE WAS OUR PALS IN GOTHAM CITY! DAT'S WHY WE FOLLOWED YA HERE!



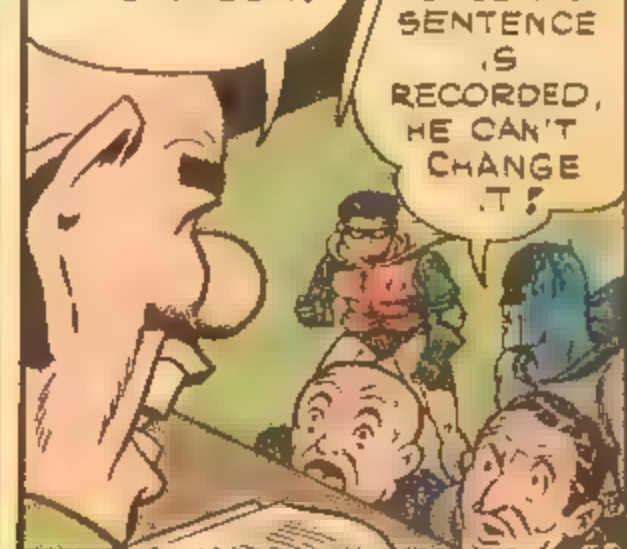
PALS ONCE, PERHAPS-- BUT NO MORE!



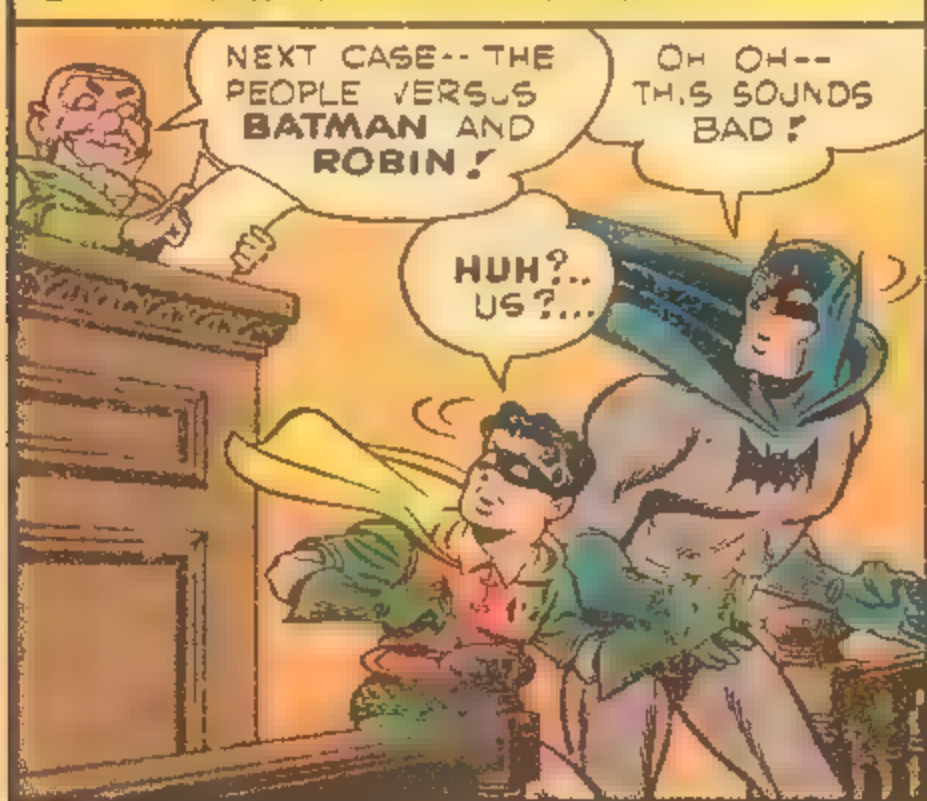
WHEN THE TESTIMONY IS IN...



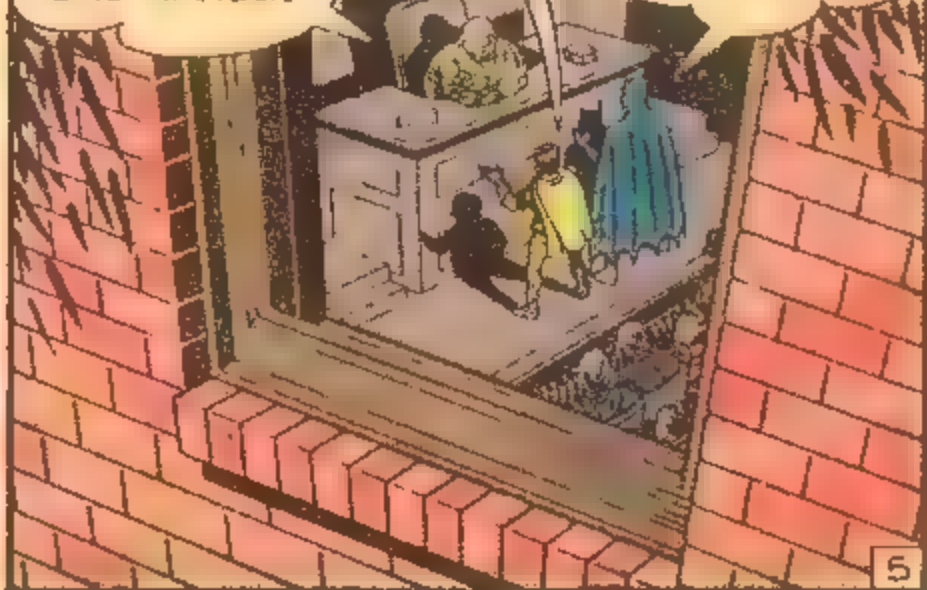
THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY! THE SENTENCE IS FIVE YEARS AT HARD LABOR!



BUT THERE IS MORE TO COME...



IT IS CHARGED YOU RIPPED UP A SIDEWALK PLANK, VIOLATING OUR NEWEST CITY ORDINANCE!



IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE! DEEPLY AS IT PAINS ME I MUST SENTENCE YOU TO THIRTY DAYS!

BUT I DID IT TO SAVE BATMAN'S LIFE!

EASY, ROBIN!

SO FATE PLAYS A SARDONIC PRANK UPON THE DYNAMIC DUO!

WE SHOULD HAVE RESISTED!

WHATEVER THEIR GAME, ROBIN, THEY'VE GOT THE LAW BEHIND THEM-- AND WE NEVER FIGHT THE LAW!

MEANWHILE THE MAYOR'S TWIN SELVES MAY BE SEEN TOGETHER ONLY AT THEIR HOME...

COUSIN DEEVER, MY CUP OF HAPPINESS IS FULL!

A RARE JEST, DUMFREE-- US JAILING BATMAN AND ROBIN!

AND EVEN THERE ONLY BY THEMSELVES!

A KNOCK? THAT WILL BE ANDERS WHO ONCE OWNED OUR REjuvenATED GOLD MINE! HE MUST NOT FIND US TOGETHER!

I SHALL WITHDRAW DEEVER!

KNOCK KNOCK

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO CALL, NEIGHBOR ANDERS!

YE ASKED ME TO SHOW YE THAT OLD WORKED-OUT GOLD MINE YE BOUGHT WITH THIS HOUSE, AN' HERE I AM!

IN THE CELLAR...

I BRUNG A FORTUNE THROUGH THIS DOOR IN MY TIME! HMMM-- PART O' THE WALL CAVED IN, AN-- WHAT'S THIS?

SOMETHING WRONG?

I'LL SAY SOMETHIN'S WRONG! I QUIT TOO SOON! LOOK--

GOLD!!
YOU'RE RICH!

BUT I CARE NOTHING FOR WEALTH!... I HAVE IT! I SHALL GIVE THE MINE TO THE PEOPLE!

NEXT DAY, HUGE POSTERS PROCLAIM AMAZING THINGS...

NOTICE!!
HAVING DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF GOLD IN THE OLD MINE UNDER MY HOUSE, I HEREBY MAKE A FREE GIFT OF ALL THE PROFITS TO BE DIVIDED AMONG THOSE OF MY FELLOWTOWNSMEN WHO PROVIDE MONEY FOR ITS DEVELOPMENT. FOR MYSELF, I WANT NOTHING.
-- MAYOR TWEED.

ETHER TWEED'S CRAZY OR HIS HEART'S AS BIG AS HIS STUMMCK-- WHICH IS GOIN' SOME?

THE MAGIC WORD - GOLD - BRINGS EAGER THRONGS TO THE TOWN HALL!

TAKE THIS HUNDRED DOLLARS MAYOR!

HERES TWENTY-- ALL I'VE GOT!

DON'T CROWD! THERES PLENTY OF GOLD!

TWO DAYS LATER, THE MINE PAYS A DIVIDEND...

YOU CAN COLLECT YOUR MONEY NOW, OR RE-INVEST IT AND MAKE MORE!

WOW--A DIVIDEND ALREADY? KEEP MY SHARE!

AND PEOPLE GO MAD WITH VISIONS OF RICHES!

KEEP MINE, TOO-- AN' TAKE THIS THOUSAND I BORROWED!

I'M SELLIN' MY FARM! I'LL BE A MILLONAIRE BY SPRING!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE JAIL...

HERE, BATMAN-- READ N' TH' NEWSLL HELP PASS TH' TIME!

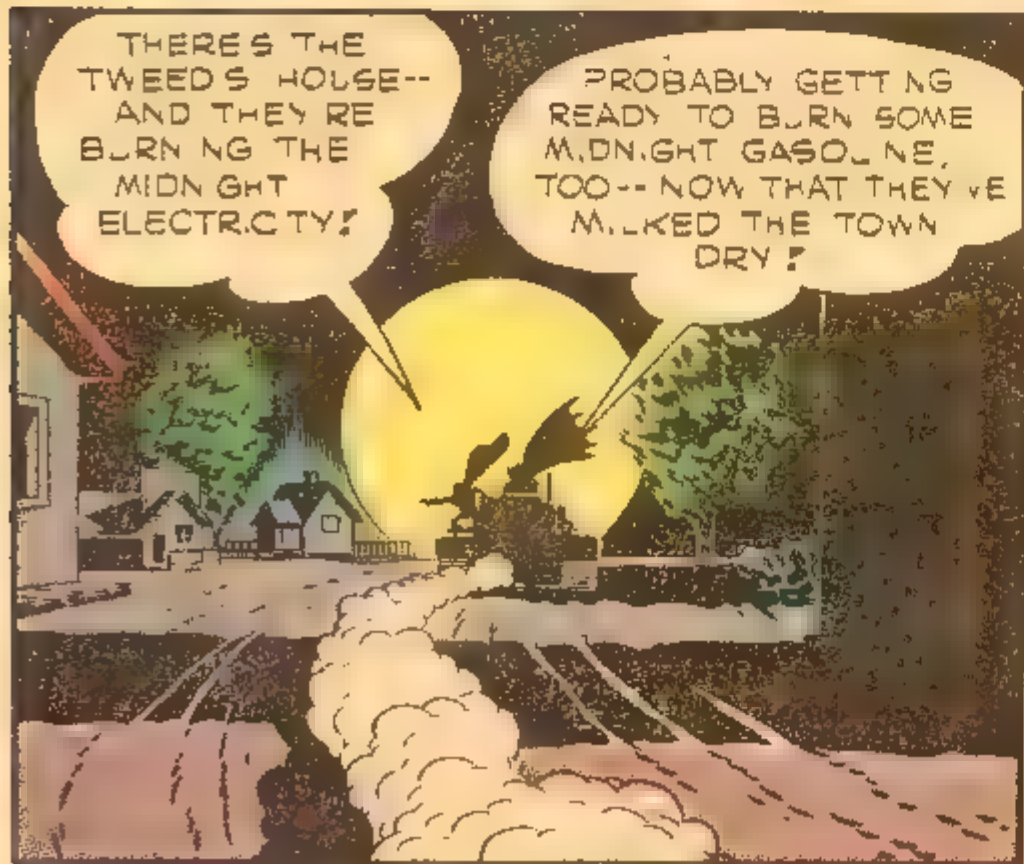
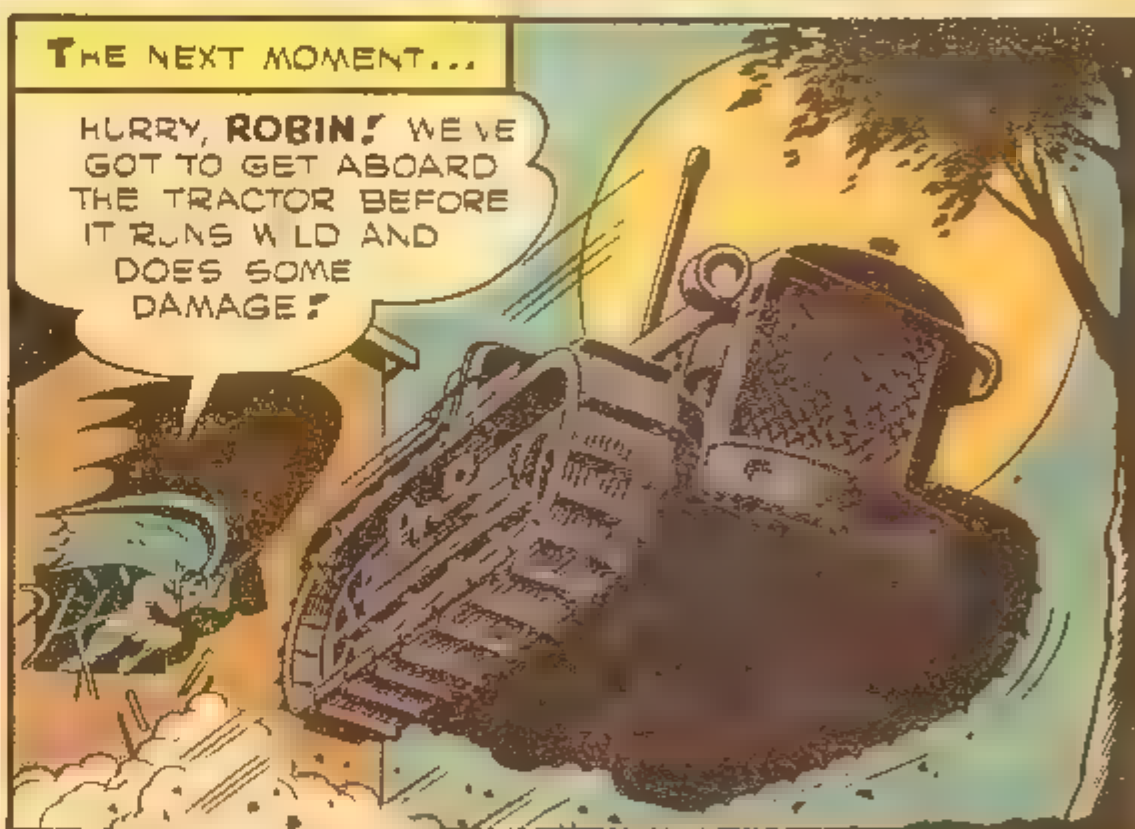
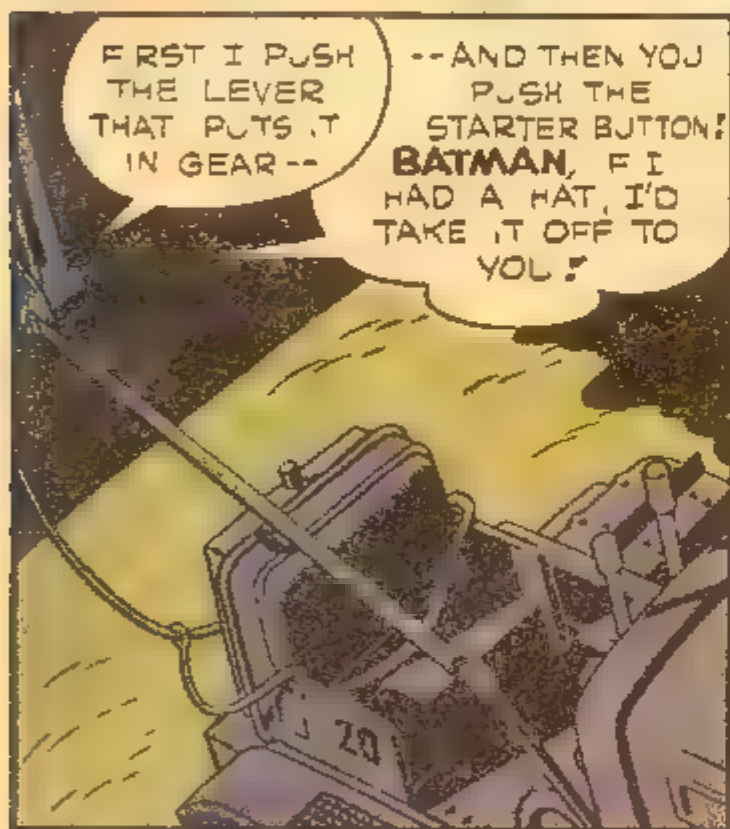
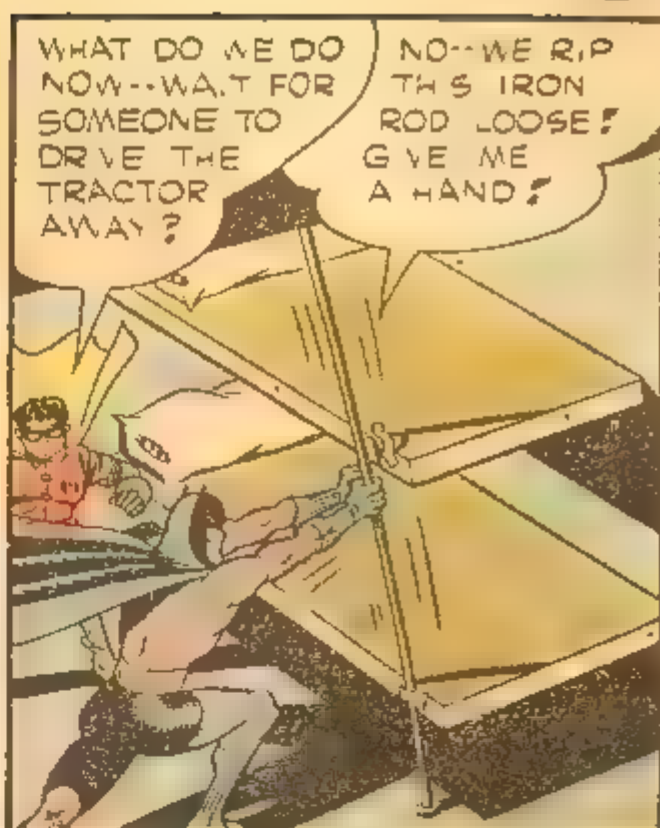
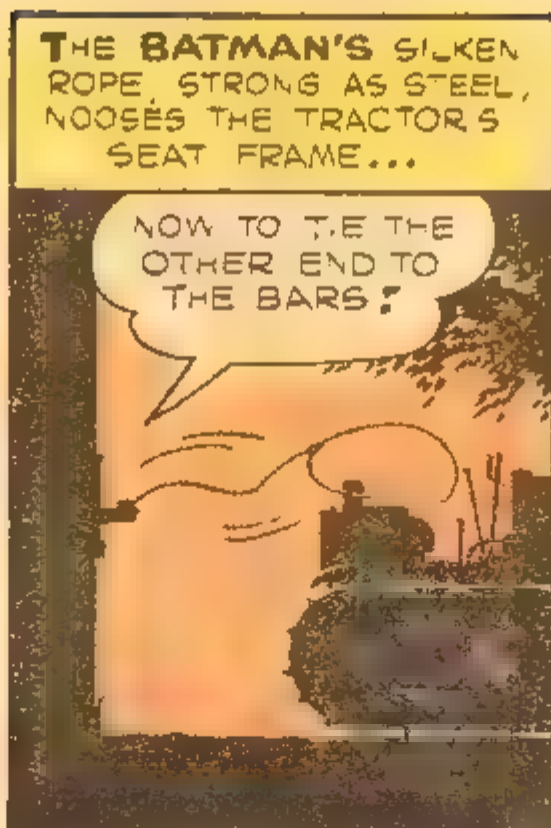
GLOBE
THE WHOLE TOWN'S IN HOCK, BUT MILLIONS ARE EXPECTED FROM MINE FOUND BY MAYOR!

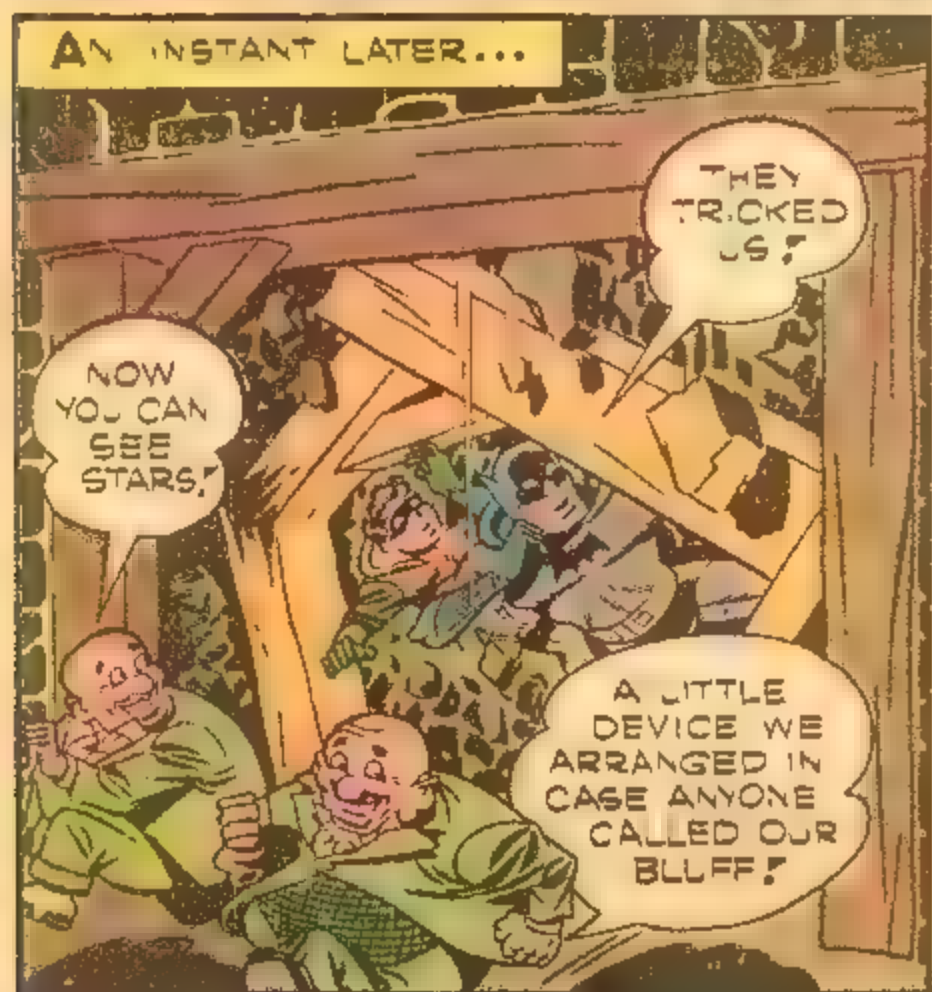
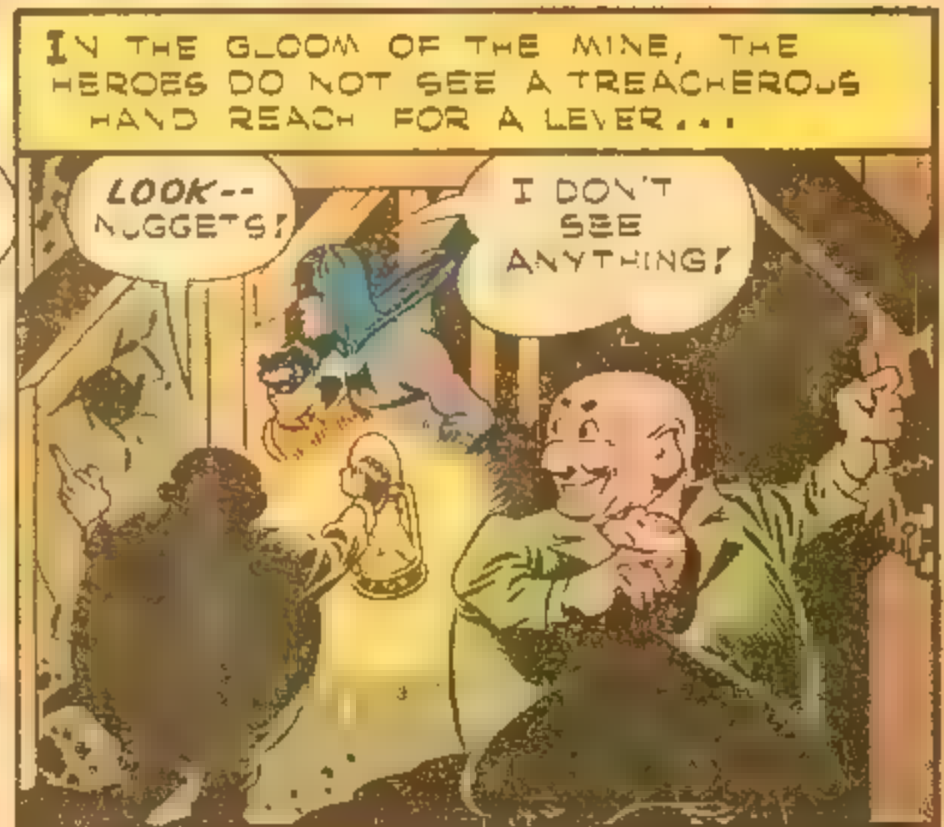
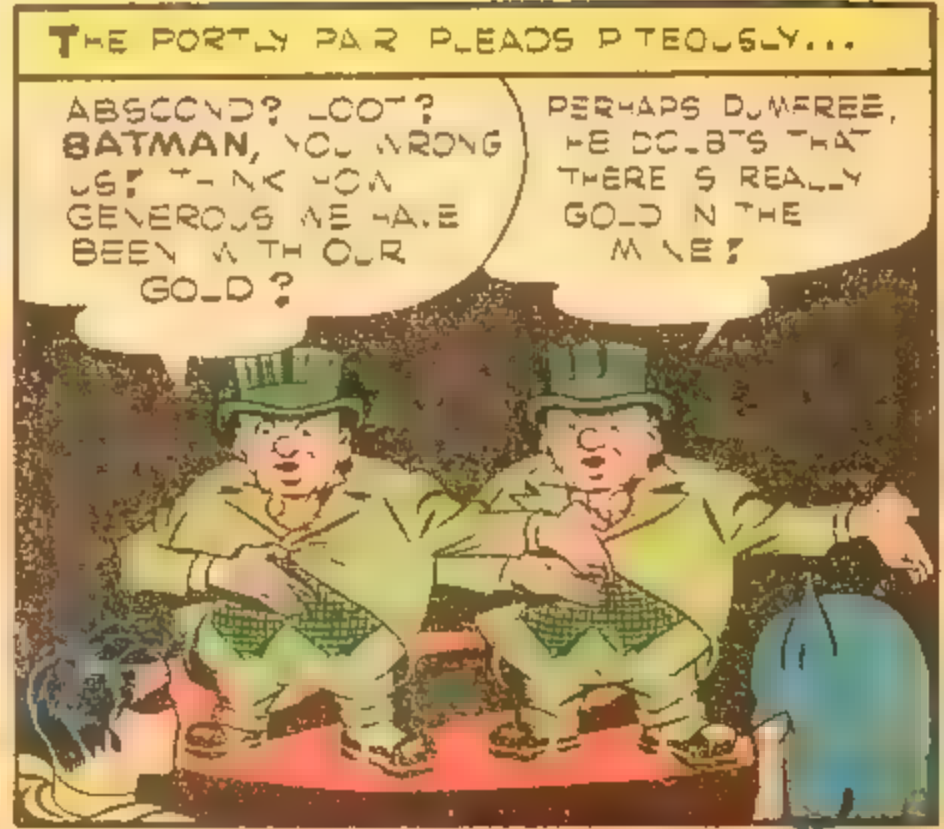
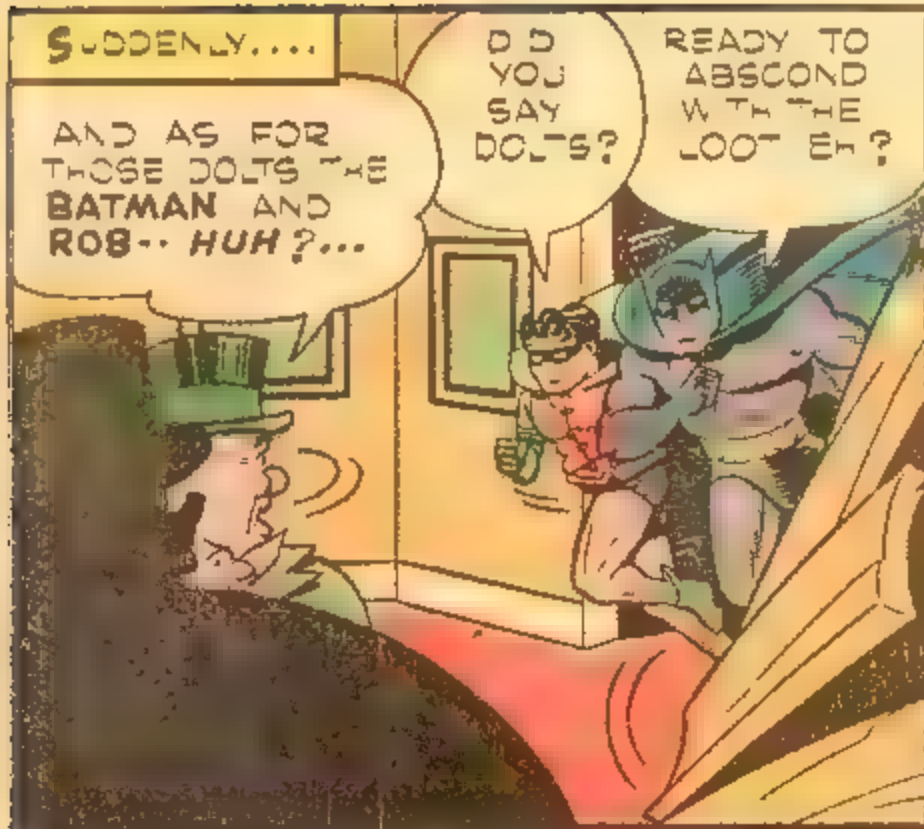
GREAT SCOTT-- WHAT'S THIS?

TWEED'S WORKING A GOLD MINE SWindle ON THE WHOLE TOWN? FOLKS ARE SELLING SO WE ALL THEY KNOW OWN TO GIVE HIM MONEY? WHAT THE RACKET IS-- AND WE'RE HELPLESS?

HELPLESS? NO, ROBIN! WE AREN'T GOING TO LET THOSE FAT LEECHES LEAVE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE PENN LESS? WE'RE GOING TO ESCAPE!

I'M FOR IT-- BUT HOW?





ALONE IN THE TUNNEL THE TRAPPED COMRADES SWEAT AND STRAIN--TO NO AVAL!

CAN'T BUDGE?... WE HAVEN'T-- A CHANCE?

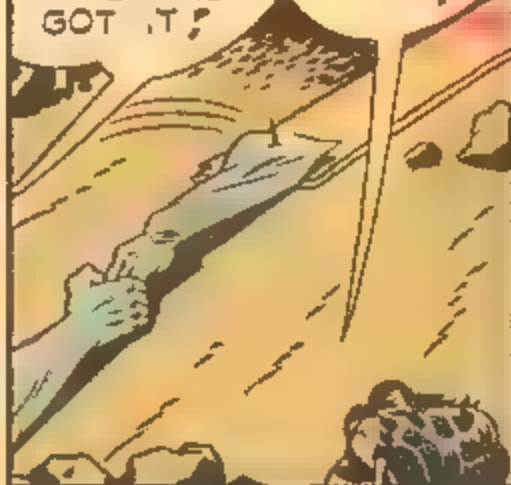
THAT PLANK-- IF I COULD REACH IT...



BUT BRAINS WHY WHERE BRAIN IS USELESS?

PERHAPS MY GAUNTLET WILL CATCH ON THAT NAIL AND-- GOT IT?

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH IT?



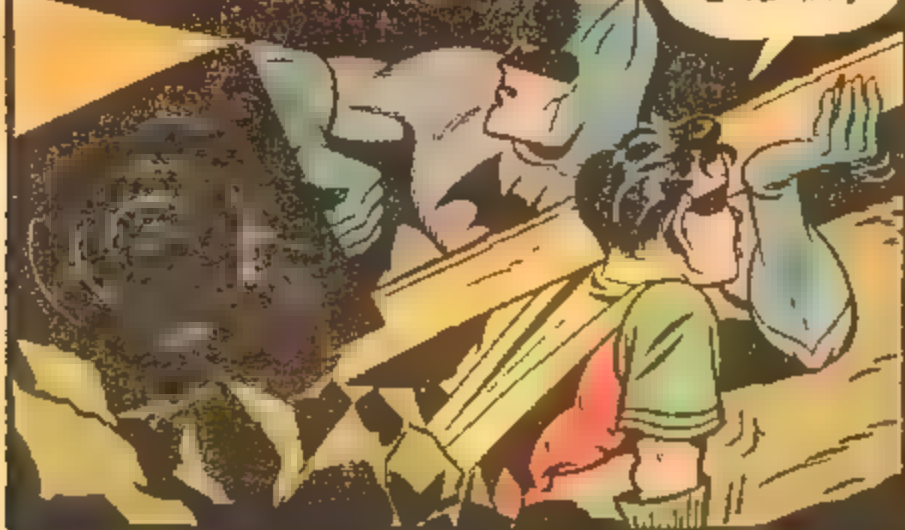
IF WE CAN FORCE THE POINTED END UNDER THE TIMBER THAT'S PINNING US DOWN, WE'LL HAVE A LEVER TO WORK WITH?

RIGHT? (PLUFF) BUT IT WON'T BE EASY?



NOW, ROBIN-- PUT ALL YOUR STRENGTH INTO IT?

IF ONLY WE HAVEN'T LOST TOO MUCH TIME-- AND IF ONLY THE BOARD DOESN'T BREAK?



FIFTEEN MINUTES... AND AS THE SHATTERING BLASTS LET GO, THE TWEED COUSINS ARE GOING ALSO...

A FAREWELL SALUTE TO BATMAN AND ROBIN?

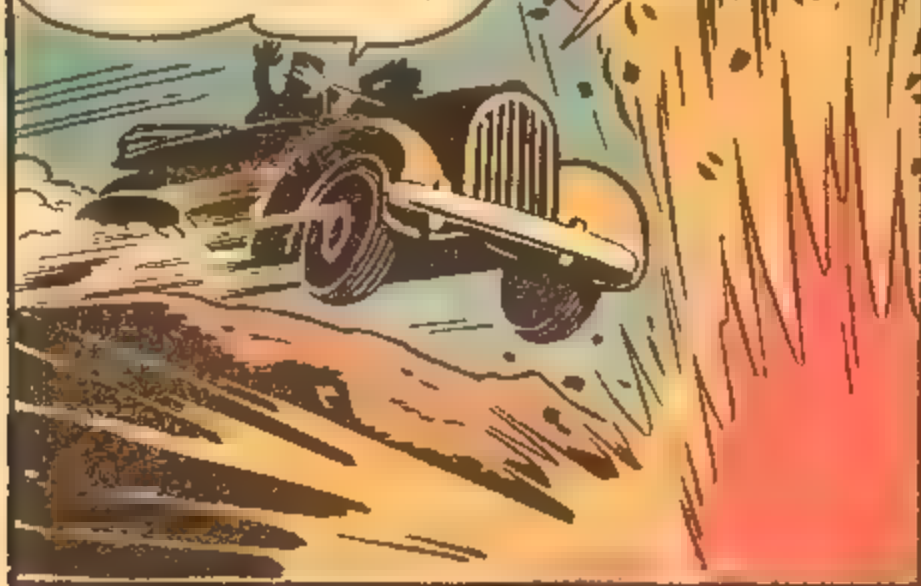
AND TO A VILLAGE OF SHORN LAMBS?



...BUT NOT FAR?

THE ROADS BLOWING UP? WE MUST HAVE DYNAMITED ONE OF THE MINE TUNNELS DIRECTLY UNDER IT?

AND WE'RE GOING TOO FAST TO STOP?



AND SO, PRESENTLY...

DEEVER-- IT'S THEM? WE MUST BE DEAD, TOO?

WHAT WE NEED IS A WRECKING TRUCK?

IF YOU WERE, YOU WOULDN'T BE THIS NEAR TO US?



EQUIPMENT IS BORROWED...AND AS ROBIN DESCENDS TO RESCUE THE RENEGADES, HE NOTICES...



WRAP THEM UP TIGHT-- ROBIN!

SOME EXCAVATION! AND THAT JAGGED VEN THROUGH THE ROCK-- IT LOOKS LIKE...



SO IT IS!

GOLD! A VEN AN INCH THICK-- AND WHO KNOWS HOW WIDE AND LONG?

GOLD-- REAL GOLD-- IN THE MINE WE GAVE AWAY!

I FEEL FAINT!

TOWNSMEN AWAKENED BY THE EXPLOSION, FLOCK TO THE SCENE...

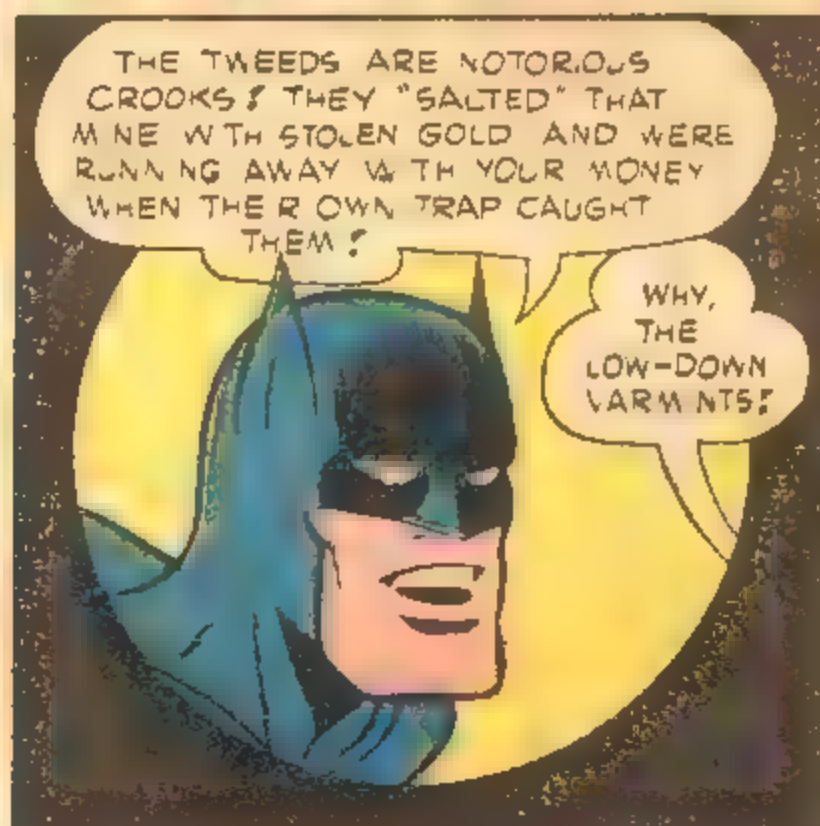


WHAT'S GOING ON?

BATMAN'S BROKE JAIL AND KIDAPPED THE MAYOR!

LISTEN TO ME!

ONLY THERE'S TWO MAYORS!



THE TWEEDS ARE NOTORIOUS CROOKS! THEY "SALTED" THAT MINE WITH STOLEN GOLD AND WERE RUNNING AWAY WITH YOUR MONEY WHEN THEIR OWN TRAP CAUGHT THEM!

WHY, THE LOW-DOWN VARMINTS!

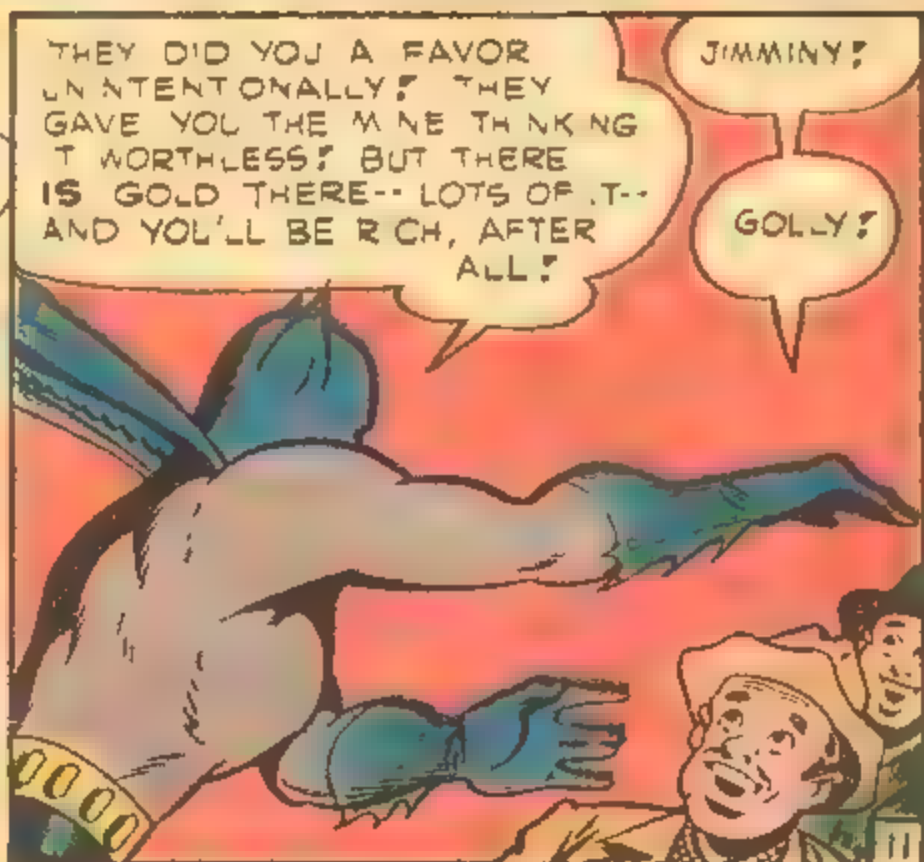
ANGRY SHOUTS RING OUT...THE CROWD THREATENS TO BECOME A MOB...



SHAME!

GET FAR AWAY FEATHERS!

HOLD ON! THERE'S A PRETTIER SIDE TO THE STORY!



THEY DID YOU A FAVOR UNINTENTIONALLY! THEY GAVE YOU THE MINE THINKING IT WORTHLESS! BUT THERE IS GOLD THERE-- LOTS OF IT-- AND YOU'LL BE RICH, AFTER ALL!

JIMMINY!

GOLLY!

A HERO IS HONORED...

RECKON WE OWE ALL WE GOT TO **BATMAN**-- AN' WE'RE SHY A MAYOR? LET'S ELECT HIM HERE AN' NOW! ALL IN FAVOR SAY--

AYE!



YE'RE MAYOR BY ACCLAMATION-- UNANIMOUS!

I ACCEPT WITH THANKS-- TEMPORARILY! MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT IS TO APPOINT **ROBIN** ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE, AND--

OH, BOY!

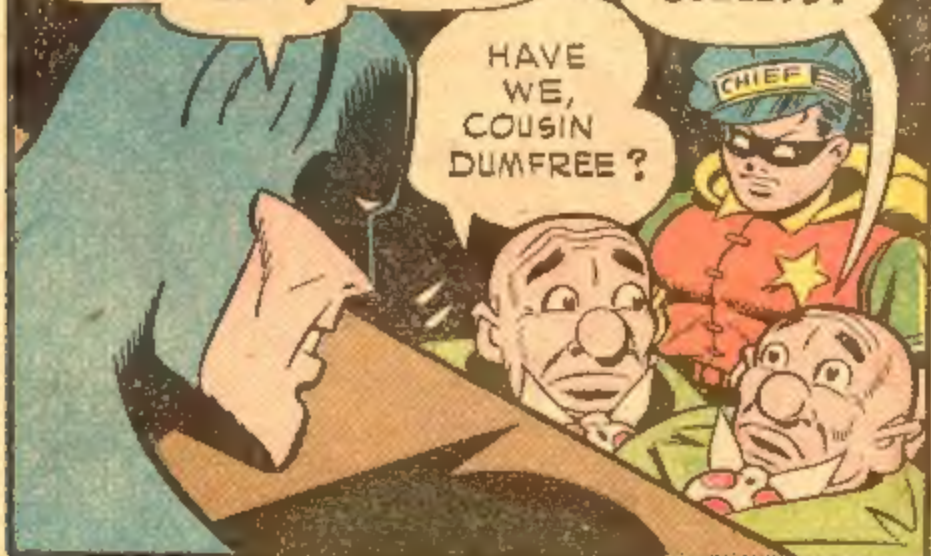


THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU ARE CHARGED WITH FRAUD, GRAND LARCENY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

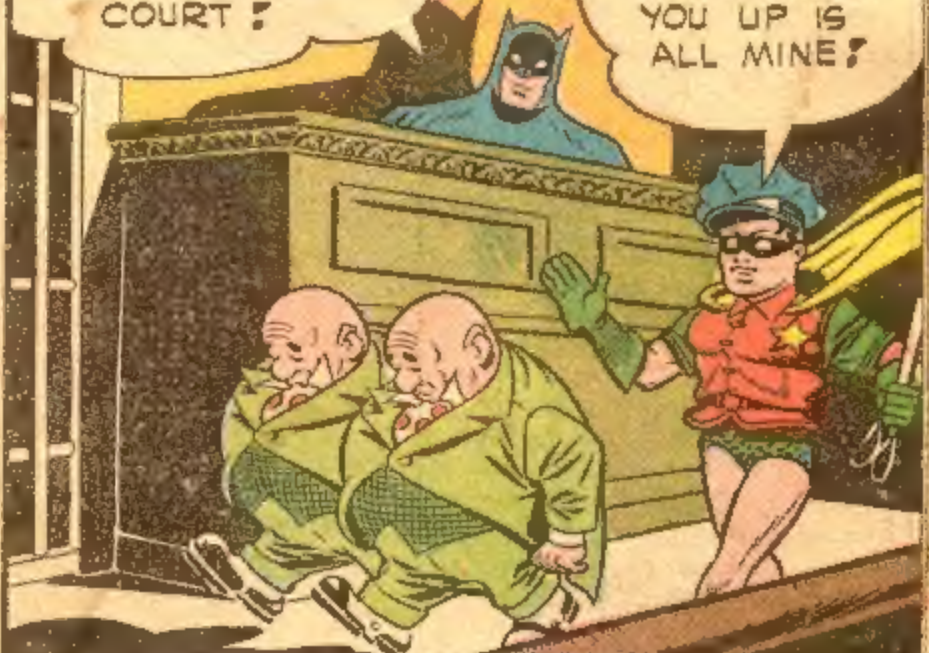
COUSIN DEEVER, I FEAR IT WOULD BE USELESS!

HAVE WE, COUSIN DUMFREE?



THEN YOU WILL REMAIN IN CUSTODY WITHOUT BAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL BY THE STATE COURT!

STEP LIVELY, BOYS! THE PLEASURE OF LOCKING YOU UP IS ALL MINE!

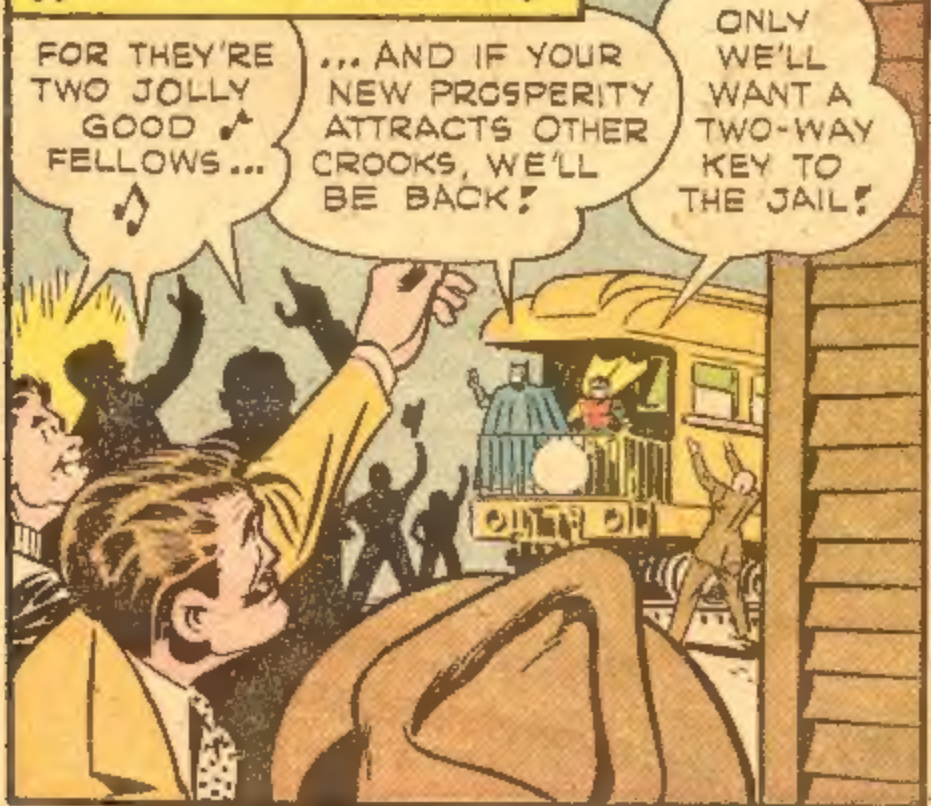


AND NOW-- FAREWELL!

FOR THEY'RE TWO JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS...

... AND IF YOUR NEW PROSPERITY ATTRACTS OTHER CROOKS, WE'LL BE BACK!

ONLY WE'LL WANT A TWO-WAY KEY TO THE JAIL!



LATER, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THE TOWN CERTAINLY GOT THE BEST OF THAT DEAL!

I'M NOT SO SURE, BRUCE... WE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN, AT LEAST!



THE END



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SEND NO MONEY

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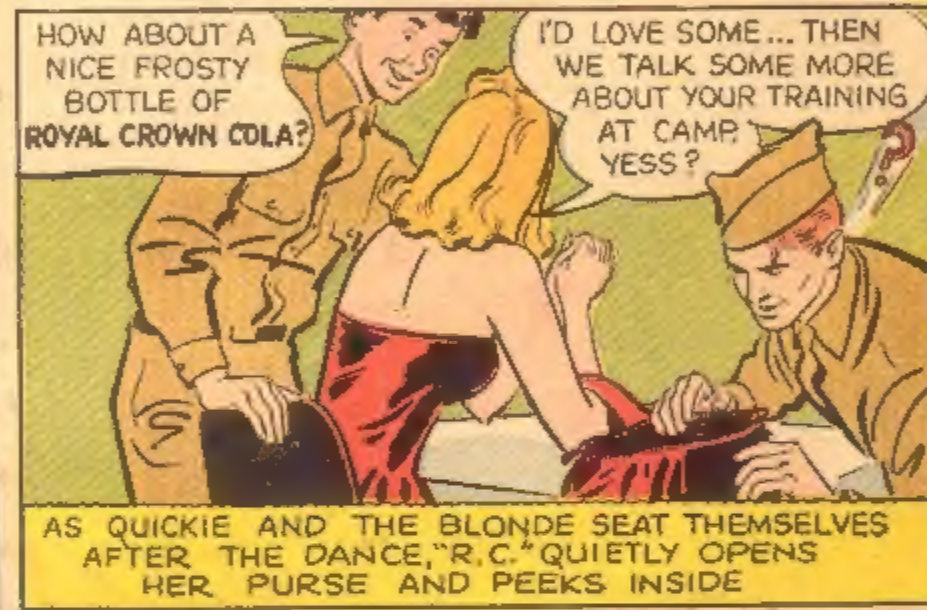
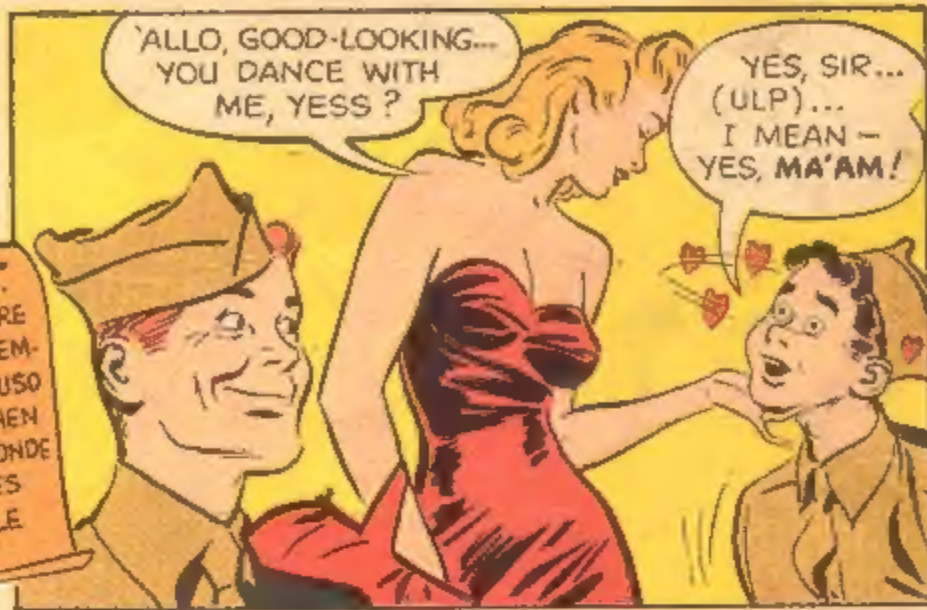
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